

OCTOBER 15, 1921

# Leslie's

PRICE 15 Cents





*George Jean Nathan*

Beginning with the issue of October 15, Mr. George Jean Nathan will write a  
Dramatic article each week for JUDGE



# Five Days to Prove I Can Raise Your Pay

**I've done it for thousands of others. I can doubtless do it for you. If I can't then it won't cost you a cent.**

I MEAN just what I say. There's no trick or catch about it. Give me five days and I'll prove that I can get your pay raised for you. I'll do it on a "show you" basis. You get the proof before you pay me a cent.

You've probably heard of me. My name is Pelton. Lots of people call me "The Man Who Makes Men Rich." I don't deny it. I've done it for thousands of people—lifted them up from poverty to riches. There's no sound reason why I cannot do it for you. So let's try.

Now, follow me carefully. I'm going to tell you exactly how to do it. I'm the possessor of a "secret" for which men have been searching since Time began.

There's no need to discuss the whys and

the wheresofores of this "secret." Suffice it to say that

*It Works.* That's all we care about—*It Works.* Over 500,000 men and women the world over have proved it for themselves. Among them are such men as Judge Ben B. Lindsay; Supreme Court Justice Parker; Gov. McKelvie of Nebraska; General Manager Christeson of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis, of Detroit, Ex-Gov. Ferris of Michigan, and many others of equal prominence.

#### A FEW EXAMPLES

##### Personal Experiences

Among over 500,000 users of "Power of Will" are such men as Judge Ben B. Lindsay; Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, Ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Assistant Postmaster General Britt; Gov. McKelvie of Nebraska; General Manager Christeson of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis, of Detroit, Ex-Gov. Ferris of Michigan, and many others of equal prominence.

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"The result from one day's study netted me \$300 cash. I think it a great book and would not be without it, for ten times the cost."—Col. A. W. Wilke, Roscoe, So. Dakota.

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"One of our boys who read "Power of Will" before he came over here jumped from \$100 a month to \$3,000 in the first month, and won a \$250 premium in the best salesmanship in the State."—Private Leslie A. Still, A. E. F., France.

a mere nothing. That's merely playing at it. Listen to this:

A young man in the East had an article for which there was a nation-wide demand. For twelve years he "puttered around" with it—barely eking out a living. Today this young man is worth \$200,000. He has built a \$25,000 home—and paid cash for it. He has three automobiles. His children go to private schools. He goes hunting, fishing, traveling, whenever the mood strikes him. His income is over a thousand dollars a week.

In a little town in New York lives a man who a few years ago was pitied by all who knew him. From the time he was 14 he had worked and slaved—and at sixty he was looked upon as a failure. Without work, in debt to his charitable friends, with an invalid son to support, the outlook was pitchy black. Then he learned the "secret." In two weeks he was in business for himself. In three months his plant was working night and day to fill orders. During 1916 the profits were \$20,000. During 1917 the profits ran close to \$40,000. And this genial 64-year-old young man is enjoying pleasures and comforts he little dreamed would ever be his.

I could tell you thousands of similar instances. But there's no need to do this as I'm willing to tell you the "secret" itself. Then you can put it to work and see what it will do for you. I don't claim I can make you rich over night. Maybe I can—maybe I can't. Sometimes I have failures—every one has. But I do claim that I can help 90 out of every 100 people if they will let me.

The point of it all, my friend, is that you are using only about one-tenth of that wonderful brain of yours. That's why you haven't won greater success. Throw the unused nine-tenths of your brain into action and you'll be amazed at the almost instantaneous results.

The Will is the motive power of the brain. Without a highly trained, inflexible will, a man has about as much chance of attaining success in life as a railway engine has of crossing the continent without steam. The biggest ideas have no value without will-power to "put them over." Yet the will, altho heretofore entirely neglected, can be trained into wonderful power like the brain or memory and

by the very same method—intelligent exercise and use.

If you held your arm in a sling for two years, it would become powerless to lift a feather, from lack of use. The same is true of the Will—it becomes useless from lack of practice. Because we don't use our Wills—because we continually bow to circumstances we become unable to assert ourselves. What our wills need is practice. Develop your will-power and money will flow in on you. Rich opportunities will open up for you. Driving energy you never dreamed you had will manifest itself. You will thrill with a new power—power that nothing can resist. You'll have an influence over people that you never thought possible. Success—in whatever form you want it—will come as easy as failure came before. And those are only a few of the things the "secret" will do for you. The "secret" is fully explained in the wonderful book "Power of Will."

#### How You Can Prove This at My Expense

I know you'll think that I've claimed a lot. Perhaps you think there must be a catch somewhere. But here is my offer. You can easily make thousands—you can't lose a penny.

Send no money—no, not a cent. Merely clip the coupon and mail it to me. By return mail you'll receive, not a pamphlet, but the whole "secret" told in this wonderful book, "POWER OF WILL."

Keep it five days. Look it over in your home. Apply some of its simple teachings. If it doesn't show you how you can increase your income many times over—just as it has for thousands of others—mail the book back. You will be out nothing.

But if you do feel that "POWER OF WILL" will do for you what it has done for over five hundred thousand others—if you feel as they do that it's the next greatest book to the Bible—send me only \$3.00 and you and I'll be square.

If you pass this offer by, I'll be out only the small profit on a three-dollar sale. But you—you may easily be out the difference between what you're making now and an income several times as great. So you see you've a lot—a whole lot—to lose than I.

Mail the coupon or write a letter now—you may never read this offer again. **Pelton Publishing Company, 47-S Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn.**

#### PELTON PUBLISHING COMPANY

47-S Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn.

You may send me "Power of Will" at your risk. I agree to remit \$3.00 or remail the book to you in five days.

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## FIGHTING THE K. K. K. ON ITS HOME GROUNDS

By WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—*This is the second article on the Ku Klux Klan by Mr. Shepherd, the first, "A Nightgown Tyranny," having appeared in the issue of September 10. LESLIE'S WEEKLY is solidly behind the movement to unmask this sinister organization and will give the subject further attention as occasion offers.*]

**T**WO men, famous in Georgia, met by accident on the street in Augusta, Ga., a year ago, and began to gossip. The result of their sidewalk chat is still ringing through the South like the booming of a great bell. In gist their simple talk ran like this:

"Where've you-all been, Julian?"

"Over in Europe, Tom, writing pieces for the New York *Herald*. What have you been doing?"

"Oh, I've just been running my newspaper here in Augusta. What do you plan to do next, Julian?"

"Go back to Europe, I guess, and write some pieces."

"Why don't you stay back home here and help out the United States? We've got trouble enough, goodness knows."

"Well, I don't quite know how to get my hand in here. I've been away quite awhile."

"Look here!" said Tom. "Would you like to buy a little newspaper with me in some good Georgia town, and turn it into a real, honest-to-goodness newspaper—a newspaper that does things instead of just talking?"

"Show me a chance like that and I won't go to Europe for ten years!" answered the young man.

And so Thomas Wesley Loyless and Julian Harris bought the little, down-at-the-heels, morning newspaper known in its home town, Columbus, Ga., as the *Enquirer-Sun*. It was only ninety-two years old, and it had about all the ailments that either an old or a young newspaper can have, including cirrhosis of advertising, hardening of credit, ossification of circulation and night-sweats by the business management.

Columbus, Ga., knew the two men. It knew Thomas W. Loyless as one of the

few Georgia editors who had fought the Frank case to finish. It knew Julian Harris as son of Joel Chandler Harris, who created and introduced "Uncle Remus" to the world.

Columbus began to watch Loyless and Harris at work. The working arrangement between the two men was this: Loyless was to be the editor and write anything he damn pleased. Harris was to be the business manager; and no matter what Loyless wrote or whom he offended, it was Harris's job to keep the business end running.

I told the business manager that LESLIE'S wanted a photograph of the office, he said, "Well, I'll have a new sign put up on the outside of the building, but the inside is too darned small to take a picture of"—and I had to agree that he was right.

And I had come all the way from New York down to this little Georgia town to get an article for LESLIE'S about this little newspaper in this little town!

Why?

*Because the Enquirer-Sun is the only newspaper in Georgia that has consistently and continually fought the Ku Klux Klan!*

LESLIE'S editor wanted me to find out what it costs a newspaper in Georgia to attack the strange, silly organization which has been bungoed into existence in the United States during the past few years.

Georgia is the heart of the Ku Klux. Atlanta, Ga., a four-hour ride from Columbus, holds the Imperial Shrine of the Imperial Ruler of the K. K. K. LESLIE'S editor knew that the Columbus newspaper was fighting the Ku Klux Klan on its own home grounds. He wanted me to find out all I could about the men who had dared to do it, and what penalty they were paying.

With nearly all the newspapers in the United States, except those of Georgia, resounding with the *exposé* of the Ku Klux (as I write the Atlanta *Georgian* has just fallen into line and will be in at the death), he knew that the one Georgia newspaper that dared to tell the truth was sure to be having a regular firing-line experience. Wherefore I took the long ride.

On the train from Atlanta to Columbus were many young American officers. They were going down to Camp Benning to remain nine months. Of all the places in the United States, Uncle Sam has chosen Columbus, Ga., with its 60,000 population, as the site for his finishing school for West Point. The young officers told me all about it. The reservation is 100,000 acres. Columbus, they



Thomas Wesley Loyless



Julian Harris

I sat and talked with these two men on a recent glorious September Sunday afternoon in the hills outside of Columbus, Ga.—one, the writer who writes anything he pleases; the other, the business man, who must stave off all financial consequences to the newspaper growing out of such editorial recklessness—and heard Harris say, with a smile that was half a groan: "Every time Tom kills off an advertiser or a subscriber, I have to go and get another one to take his place. And I've been mighty busy these days."

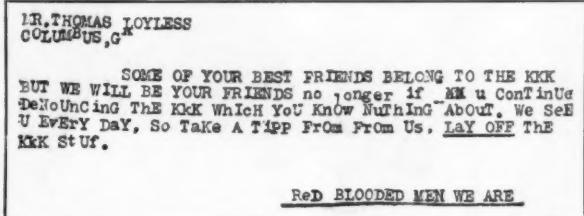
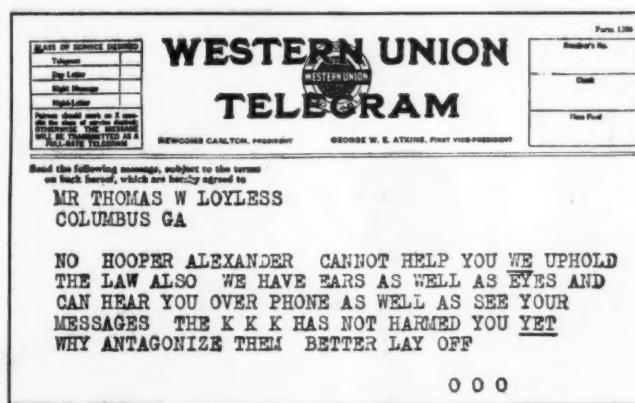
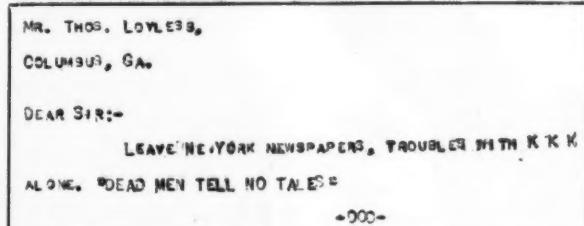
The *Enquirer-Sun's* office isn't large. The editorial rooms are small and cramped. The half-dozen crack newspaper writers and business office men whom Loyless brought with him from Augusta are pretty well crowded. When

## A FEW OF THE MANY THREATS MR. LOYLESS HAS RECEIVED

*These Particular Messages Reveal the Ramifications of K. K. K. Influence*

ON THURSDAY, March 24, about 7 or 8 P.M. Mr. Loyless received a telegraphic request from the New York *Herald* for a story or editorial opinion on the Ku Klux Klan. The next morning—which was the day before he complied with the *Herald's* request—he received a letter bearing the Atlanta postmark (see first message shown).

As the above letter was written with a typewriter peculiarly like those used by the Western Union (all cap italic letters) and that the fact that the only persons in Atlanta who could have known of the *Herald's* request by the time (only a few hours elapsed between the receipt of the dispatch and that of the postmark of the letter) were the operators in the Atlanta office of the Western Union, through which the message was relayed, it is reasonable to suppose that the letter was written by some employee of that concern. This would have narrowed the search, if any had been made, to the employees of the Western



Union on duty at the time the message was relayed or to someone having access to their files, but the Postoffice inspector to whom the matter was referred replies as follows:

It does not appear that the United States mails have been used in any way prohibited by the Federal Statutes, the communications referred to having been sent by telegraph and the letter presumably written by some member of the Ku Klux Klan Society containing only a threat which does not bring it within the purview of the Federal law defining blackmail. It is, therefore, impracticable to assign an inspector to investigate the matter.

The matter was then referred to Hooper Alexander, United States District Attorney.

Mr. Alexander gave out an interview to the Atlanta papers saying he could take no action. This resulted in the threatening message written on a telegraph blank, which is also shown herewith.

The other letter shown below, written on tissue paper, called "flimsy" in telegraph offices, was received a day or two later.

said, was a live town. Camp Benning was named for Gen. Henry L. Benning, known as "Old Rock," a famous Confederate general, whose home had been in Columbus.

Did I know, one young lieutenant asked me, that the last battle of the Civil War, east of the Mississippi, was fought in Columbus, a week after General Lee had surrendered? Sure it was—that showed how slowly news traveled in those days. Did I know "Blind Tom," the ignorant negro slave, who astonished both the United States and Europe sixty years ago with his piano playing, had been born in Columbus, and that his kinfolk live there yet? Did I know that O'Hara, who wrote "The Bivouac of the Dead," had lived in Columbus? The lieutenant and I figured out one verse:

*On Fame's eternal camping grounds  
Their silent tents are spread;  
And Honor guards, with silent rounds,  
The Bivouac of the Dead.*

"That's almost as good as 'In Flander's Fields', isn't it?" suggested a captain in our group.

They liked Columbus, these soldiers. The women were beautiful and gracious. Southern hospitality hadn't died out there. They didn't see how Columbus folks were able to entertain as many officers as they did. There was always a party or a dance or a dinner on a fellow's date book.

"Do they have the Ku Klux Klan here?" I asked.

"They must have," said a civilian in our group. "You keep hearing about it all the time. There was a raid across the river the other day. That's in Alabama, of course; folks do say that one of our Columbus policemen was in it, though."

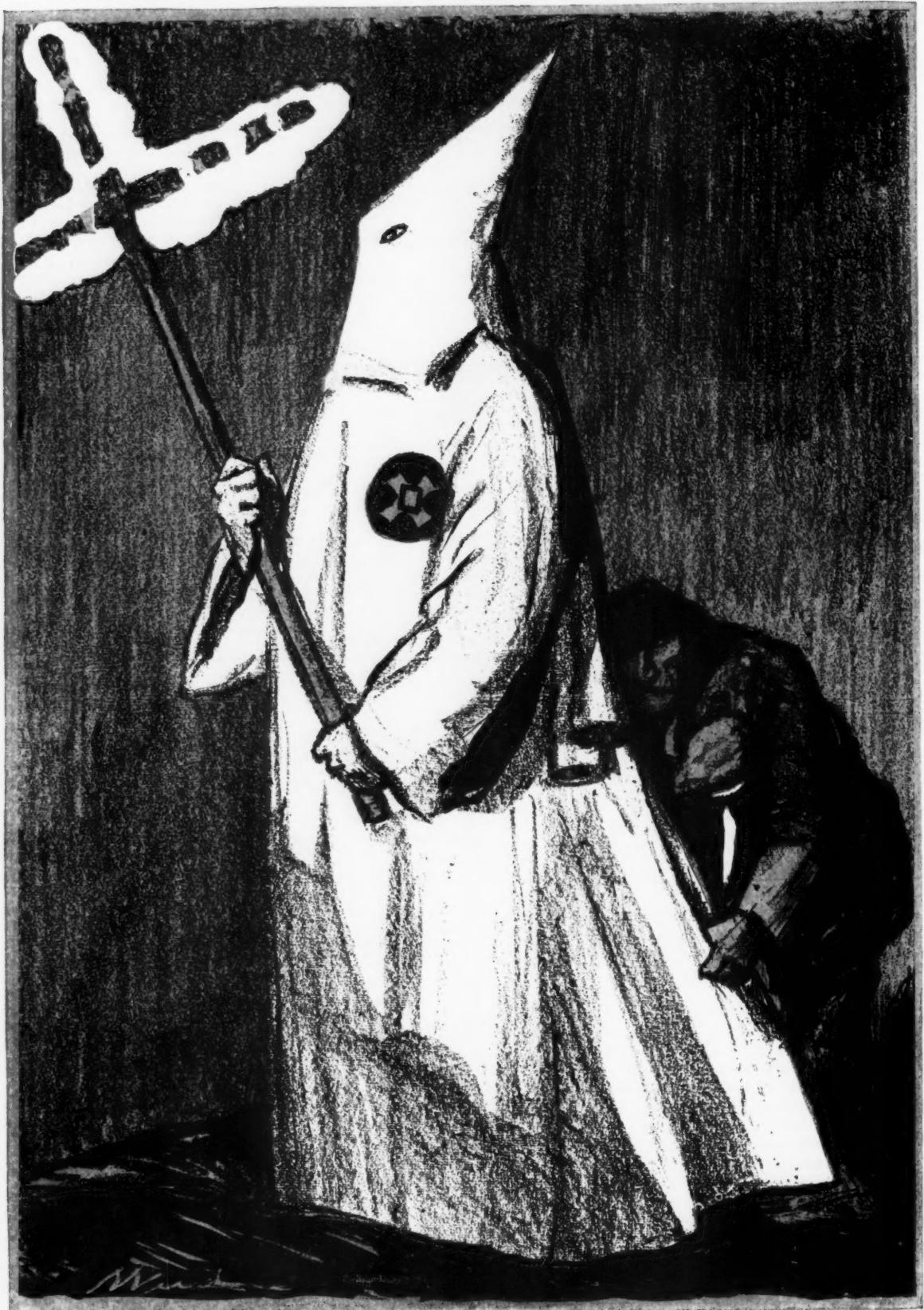
And so, talking, we came into Columbus; and finally I found my way, at 8:45 of a Saturday evening, into the *Enquirer-Sun* office.

It was a wonder of wonders to everybody there that I had come all the way

from New York City to write about their little newspaper. They were getting out the Sunday morning edition. The front page and part of the second page was to be devoted to the Ku Klux Klan. The *New York World* had sent them mats of its hundred-thousand dollar series of Ku Klux *exposés*. They just poured lead over the mats and there they had the story, pictures, type and all, just as the story would appear in New York. That's the way they were doing it. They were running everything with now and then a little story, or a little editorial, of their own. But they all told me: "You must see Loyless. He's up in the hills at his daughter's wedding. Julian Harris is with him."

Whereupon they put in a long distance call to the Warm Springs Hotel, forty miles away in the Georgia hills.

"Harris will be at the wire in ten minutes," came back the answer. And when Harris finally got on the wire he apologized.



### In the Shadow of the Klan

*Drawn for LESLIE'S by Clive Weed*

"I'm sorry to have kept you waiting," he said, "but the wedding was just going on when the call came. There's an awful chatter around here. Everybody shaking hands and congratulating everybody."

When I told him what I wanted, he said:

"You come out here to the Warm Springs Hotel to-morrow, and Loyless and I will tell you all about it. The wedding guests will be gone and we'll have the front veranda to ourselves."

Early in the late summer forenoon of the next day I rolled up before the hotel—famous in Southern Georgia as a place of retreat from summer heat—and found the two newspaper men on the veranda, smoking.

"Don't let's hurry with our talk," said Loyless. "You know a wedding isn't any too easy on a father, if his daughter is in it. A son is all right; but when your daughter gets married, she sort of joins her mother's lodge of married women, and that leaves father out in the cold."

I must see the wedding presents. They covered ten large tables

in a suite of two rooms that had been set aside for them. There was everything in that array that a Southern girl could ever receive for a wedding present. There were trays and platters and spoons and knives and forks and bowls of all sorts. Why do wedding gifts in the South always have something to do with eating?

Outside on the veranda, at last, we sat in big rockers and talked.

"The Ku Klux Klan may be new to you people up North," said Loyless, "but it's not new to us down here. We've known it ever since the Frank case. You remember that Leo Frank, a manufacturer, was charged with the murder of a shop girl named Mary Phagan, and that, when he was convicted on the testimony of a negro named Jim Conley, Governor Slaton commuted the death sentence. A group of men raided the jail, took Frank off to Marietta and lynched him. Tom Watson, who is now in Congress, took the side of the lynchers. Everybody else in Georgia, for the name of the State, wanted to have the whole thing forgotten. But so much hatred was stirred up over the Frank case that you can practically say that this new government called by an old and honorable name had its beginning right here in Georgia, and that it was started by men who wanted to cash in on all the race hatred that raged around them."

"Tom Watson was anti-Jew in the

Frank case, and so the Ku Klux Klan leaders put in the anti-Jew clause. Watson was anti-Catholic, and so the anti-Catholic spirit grew up and found its way into Klanism. And before we knew it here in Georgia the Ku Klux Klan got started."

"It took a long time for the North to find out about it, too," interrupted Julian Harris. "Every time I went to New York or passed through the town on my way to or from Europe during the war, I

to newspapers all over the United States and many of them took it. Mr. Harris and I often wished that we could afford to take the series, but we expected that some of the really big newspapers in Atlanta or Augusta or Macon or Savannah would run the series and sell their papers all over the State."

"And then one day we found out that not a single newspaper in the State of Georgia was going to run the series. And that same day Julian read in a paper that

the Ku Klux Klan was going to sue every newspaper in the United States that ran the series.

"Well, we wired to the *New York World* and asked them to send the series to us. They had already run three long articles, but just as soon as the mail could bring them, we got the mats of the first three articles. And we printed the first three articles all in one number. It took up most of the paper, but we explained to our readers why we had started late; said we had expected some richer paper than we were to take them, and that when we learned that no Georgia paper

at all was going to take them we decided that we had better take on the job.

"And so the articles have been running ever since."

The squeaking of the rocking-chairs was all that disturbed the silence for a minute.

"You see," said Loyless finally; "it was that threat of a suit that got Julian and me really started, I think. We couldn't help thinking about what a shame it would be for Georgia, if newspapers in all the other States of the Union were sued for writing about the Ku Klux Klan and not a single newspaper in Georgia, where the Ku Klux Klan started, was called into court. Why, it would shut Georgia folks plumb out of the chance to hear the truth about the Ku Klux told in one of their own court rooms. No, sir; we couldn't overlook the chance."

"And so," he added, "we're waiting for them to sue. And we're going to print all the information we can possibly get that will make them sue us. Where we want 'em is in court."

"Has it hurt your paper any?" I asked.

"Ask Julian. I don't know anything about that part of it. I'm only the editor, you know, and he's the business head."

Loyless leaned his prematurely pepper-and-salt-colored head back against the rocking chair and his pitch black eyes gleamed with mirth.

(Concluded on page 526)

#### POLICE OFFICIALS, MAYORS AND OTHERS

##### ENDORSE KNIGHTS OF THE KU KLUX KLAN

From J. T. Moore, chief of police, and J. L. Couch, mayor of Columbus, Ga.

"To Whom It May Concern: I take this method of endorsing the Ku Klux Klan. I am personally acquainted with many of the citizens of this city who are members of the local Klan, and I know them to be citizens whose integrity is above reproach and law-abiding in every respect. Seventeen members of this Klan volunteered their services and assisted the police department during a recent epidemic of burglaries. They did good work, and their services were appreciated by the police commissioners and myself. I think an organization like the Ku Klux Klan is a blessing in any community." — J. T. Moore, Chief of Police.

"I heartily endorse the above"—J. L. Couch, Mayor of Columbus, Georgia.



This is an excerpt from a mimeographed bulletin sent out by the Ku Klux Klan publicity department showing the hold of the K.K.K. on the officers of the law in Columbus. The building on the left contains the offices of the Enquirer-Sun; that on the right is the City Hall of Columbus.



tried to get New York editors interested in what was growing up in the South. But they all seemed to think it was too far away. Now that the Ku Klux Klan has found its way to their town they are all excited."

"Well, I had fought Watson on the *Augusta Chronicle*," continued Loyless. "I knew how the Ku Klux had got started. I knew how the very soul of Georgia had been poisoned by all the race and religious hatred that Tom Watson had stirred up; and when I found myself my own editor here in Columbus I had to start the old fight against race and religious hatred all over again. Only this time I had to direct my efforts not only against Tom Watson but against the Ku Klux Klan as well."

"So I began writing editorials against the Ku Klux Klan as soon as the papers fell into our hands."

"Yes, that was last November," interrupted Harris. "You see, your real Southerner simply can't stand this new organization. The old Ku Klux, with General Forrest at its head, stood for the things Mr. Loyless's father and my father stood for—the supremacy of the whites. They had to stand for that for their very lives. The old Ku Klux Klan helped out toward that end. But this new thing—bah!"

"Well, the *New York World* began its famous *exposé* of the Ku Klux Klan," continued Loyless. "It offered the series

ONCE more in New York they're whistling the good old airs from the best-beloved of those Viennese operettas that have been brought to this country. Once more Franz Lehár's tuneful, romance-

## THE REAL LAND OF THE MERRY WIDOW

By THOMAS  
STEWART RYAN

think not. Read on if you are a tourist, and learn what you'd have to face in Montenegro.

Bucharest is the Land Where Nobody Goes Home, the last stronghold of Bohemia. Montenegro is the Land



WHITE, N. Y.

*Do you remember these two—Ethel Jackson (as the Merry Widow) and Donald Brian (as the Prince)? The success of "The Merry Widow" when it was first produced over here was largely due to their charming acting and dancing.*

filled production is back on the American stage. How long it will remain—who knows? Six months? A year? Two years? But this we do know: sooner or later go it must—back to the same obsolescence that has overtaken such things as Bryan's candidacy, Doctor Cook and the once triumphant tango. However, the land of *The Merry Widow*, that's different. Not the glorified "naughty Marsovia," but the original inspiration of that old opera, may be seen in 1921—and if my opinion is good, in 1951—with all the primeval simplicity unabated.

There is a charm in those musical fantasies of the Viennese school. We watch the devil-may-care prince, the incoginta princess, the hard-fighting swashbucklers, the hard-drinking courtiers, and the peasants who never have much to do but sing in chorus; and some of us used to wish that the earth, not only the stage, held such a country. Then I learned that it really did. Marsovia, I read somewhere or other, is Montenegro. Even so, I had not hoped to see it, but I had reckoned without the new age in Europe which—whatever we may have against it—permits men to see the world without meeting tourists.

There you have the pre-eminent grace of the real Marsovia. The tourist might find picturesqueness—well, rather!—but up to the present the land has suffered no

worse invasion than that of the Austrian army. By writing this, do I risk bringing down on the brave little country a horde of snap-shooters and curio hunters? I

Where No Man Works. Then how do the Montenegrins live? To the bewilderment of the natives, you ask that question—you, the newcomer from a world that figures in economics. Do you expect men to

work? the native retorts scornfully. They are stalwart, fighting men, those mountaineers. They pack rifles, bejeweled pistols and knives

won from the Turks, and, since the war, hand grenades. They work! They leave shopkeeping to Germans, Greeks and Albanians. But what of the other work, you insist—the road-mending and farming, the hewing of wood and drawing of water? Foreigners couldn't do that. No, prisoners of war mend the roads, he admits. And the rest—

Well, you can quite easily see for yourself when you enter the country. The women do it.

The women do it, and so the men can sit round in the *kafanas*, roar out the songs of ancient heroes and drink the distilled juice of the plum, the mighty *rakije*. The women walk behind with their burdens, and the men stride before them with rifles and multicolored umbrellas. That is the seamy lining of idyllic Marsovia, just as slave labor was of Pericles' Athens. If you are philo-



*It was here—in this rather severe looking palace—that the real Prince (Prince Danilo, of Montenegro) lived.*

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sophie you accept this. If not, you hunt up a Montenegrin who has been in the States, and you start reforming.

"Mike," you argue—they are all Mike or Pete in English—"your wife didn't support you in Butte, Mont. Why don't you teach these loafers how people live in the States?"

Mike is apologetic, for just as you say, he worked hard in our mines, which employ thousands of these big mountaineers. Here, no doubt, he had lived a life of self-denial. But there, even while you reason with him, you catch a glimpse of his wife and his donkey carrying equal loads up the trail. Mike puffs a lungful of Turkish toward Mount Lovćen, where a little band of his ancestors fought off thousands of Janizaries.

"You're damn tootin'," he answers serenely, for they acquire our vernacular "I'll teach them lazy bums some day." And with an attempt to ingratiate, "You and me are Americans. We know."

Forty years from now, Mike's sisters or daughters will still walk twenty miles



WHITE, N.Y.  
Lydia Lipkowska (as the Merry  
Widow) and Reginald Pasch (as the Prince),  
the pair selected by Henry W. Savage to con-  
vince New York that "The Merry Widow" is as delightful  
and entertaining to-day as it ever was. The question which  
is now interesting theater-goers is: are they as good as the  
Jackson-Brian combination?

a day in Alpine blizzards or Adriatic summer heat, to chop and bring home the firewood. Mike is a picturesque brigand.

I knew in the country an American Red Cross nurse, who failed utterly to get Mike's point of view.

"You old café lizard, you!" she would



*A Montenegrin peasant woman. She is the sole support of her husband, her father and two brothers.*

remark. "I'd like to hit you with a wet sock!"

There are two sides, of course, to the argument. When Mike blew smoke toward Mount Lovćen, he thought of the hero deeds that had been done there through the centuries, things that a Westerner would not understand.

In the Middle Ages the great Serbian empire fell on the bloody field of Kossova. Mike still wears a black crown on his *kapa* in mourning for that dark day. The Turks overran the Balkans, chased the Venetians from the coast towns, and set up the Crescent under the walls of Vienna. When all Europe from South Russia to the Alps felt the tread of their cavalry, only Mike's ancestors among the Balkan races

—and the town of Ragusa—held out. There in Montenegro above the clouds, the last Serbs had sought refuge. There

they lived as cowherds, those men whose fathers were *Zupans* of Serbia. Their prince, who called himself bishop, succeeded in stemming the Turkish tide. Those villages spoiled the Sultan's sleep. If he massacred Bulgarian or Armenian Christians, the mountaineers took advantage of Christendom's indignation, and raided the Turkish provinces. A tower still stands over Cetinje, Montenegro's old capital,

where Christian subjects of the prince displayed the earless and lipless heads of Mohammedans—and this within the last few years.

Now we are coming to Mike's excuse. In peace time he goes to dances, where a gorgeously habited line of his fellows leaps and sways in the mad *kolo*. Or he sits in a *kafana* and hearkens to gray-bearded minstrels—they have them yet—who sing of Stephen Dushan's lost empire, and play on the one-stringed *gusli*. All this in peace time, but it is seldom peace time. The men of Tsernagora (the Black Mountain) fought Turkey in 1912, Bulgaria in 1913, Austria from 1914 to 1918, and now they are fighting their brother Serbs, the Albanians and each other. Montenegro's population of 500,000 can give an army of 100,000 fighters. They live in the Middle Ages. Each man's hand seems turned against his brother, and there is no Truce of God.

I have seen their wars myself, and although in an age of great wars they are somewhat *opéra bouffe* by comparison, still I know they are no joke. And if Mike goes out to plow his own field, he may come home to find his house plundered and burned and his wife-slave gone—to say nothing of the excellent target that he would make, for his field is often a tiny shelf on a cliff. No, Mike has work enough to defend his own. He has a feud on with a neighboring clan, or maybe his special antipathy is a dog of a Moslem unbeliever. If he goes gunning for Christians or Moslems, or even if he is serving with the militia, his wife's duty it is to seek him out on the firing-line with his day's rations. There was no commissariat in King Nicholas' army. While it fought the Austrians from rock to rock, the army's wives crept up on their stomachs, and often fell wounded at



Dorothy Francis in "The Merry Widow" of 1921. She is beautiful, graceful and possessed of a rare voice. "Broadway" has fallen in love with her.

EDWARD THAYER  
MONROE



For three years the peasants who live in this hut have been on the verge of starvation. In their misery they have plenty of company.



Cetinje, the capital of Montenegro.

their lord's feet, as at the fatal battle of Grakhova.

When I first saw Montenegro, it was at that moment when all Europe seemed hell-bent for the millennium. Conservative Poland had women members in the Diet, and states which had just groaned under despotism were adopting proportional representation. On the boat to Montenegro, I asked an official of that country if woman suffrage would be its version of post-bellum reform.

"You don't understand," he murmured. "They don't want it."

Now I have learned. Repugnant as such an

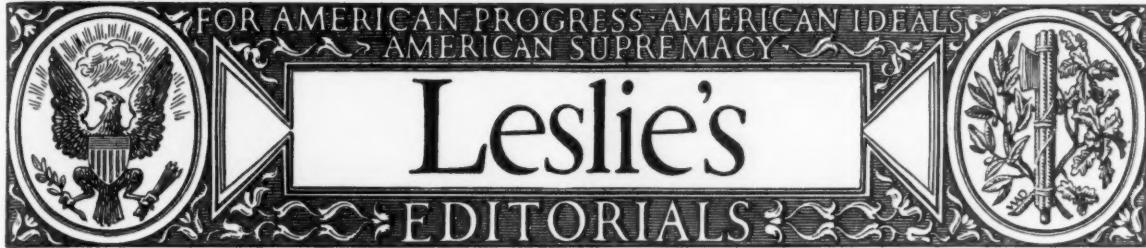
arrangement may be to Americans, I can see a rough sort of utility in that apportionment of tasks. To paraphrase Hood for Montenegro, men must fight and women must work. The weeping is done without distinction of sex—and with good cause.

I have seen the women of every nation in Europe, and for sheer nobility of face and form, I know of none that surpass the Montenegrin. Except for the pack-women, who sell firewood in the bazaars, they are tall, supple and of a Slavic beauty, somewhat darker than Russian. The native costume of the court lady is like a sunset across the Albanian mountains—a splendid phantasmagoria of reds and blacks in velvet. But though they are blood sisters of the great dames of Belgrade and Zagreb, these Black Mountain women are Oriental in culture and upbringing. At Cetinje, less than forty miles from the Adriatic, they have never seen open water. They read furiously. They know more of Zola and Flaubert than most Parisian girls, and their French, though academic, is flawless.

The best test of a nation's virtue perhaps is applied when an alien army sits down in its capital. Even Belgium, Poland and Rhinish Germany have stories of women who "solaced the enemy." But of Montenegrin women, a meager few are weeping to-day by the Babylonian Danube. Rather, while the Austrians were in Cetinje, the women sneaked into the hills with rations for patriot rebels. They preferred to be pack slaves for their own race.

Among those cliffs, during one of the chronic uprisings of village clans, I met an American woman, one Rosie Strugar of Seattle. It was not uncommon to find native men, once naturalized in the States, who would sing out in English: "Hello, George!" or "Say, you ever been in Butte, Mont.?" But a woman! She was not living as one of the court dames of Cetinje, but as a hill woman remote from any village. I have been told that Nicholas set a tax on chimneys. Be that as it may, the mountain huts are free from such luxuries, and smoke from the fire on the stone floor eddies about the one room. I was not inside Mrs. Strugar's hut. I don't think that she picked herbs and boiled them into a soggy paste for food, as did some of her neighbors, or that she had live stock in her dining-room. But she had much of a Montenegrin woman's hard fate. She had married her husband, a Montenegrin, in America, had followed him to the Bal-

(Continued on page 527)



### *A Debt of Gratitude*

**T**HIS country is under a singular obligation to the promoters of the Ku Klux Klan.

At the basis of our institutions is a conception of liberty that is the very antithesis of race prejudice, religious intolerance, extra-legal interference with private conduct, masked power. Yet in more or less respectable guise all these things have flourished in our midst; at no period of our national history have we been free from them. Now, however, the Imperial Wizard and his associates have gathered them all together under the banner of their Klan and dressed them in the language and habiliments of the hob-goblin—in other words, presented them to popular gaze in a manner to bring home to the least imaginative their truly sinister character. Personified once and for all in the night-riding figure of the hooded Klansman, with his phosphorescent cross, they may no longer be regarded as abstractions, but as something tangible and hateful to be crushed with the weight of popular indignation.

This "materialization" is the unique service for which we have to thank the rulers of the Invisible Empire. And the best evidence of our gratitude is the country-wide demand for the extinction of their "fraternal" order.

### *The Bad Roads Prize*

**A**GENTLEMAN who has lately driven his own car from the Coast to Chicago confides that the worst bit of road he struck—"struck" is the word, he insists—was a short stretch between Beloit, Wis., and Rockford, Ill. Painful as it is to repeat this accusation, partly because "worst" seems a bitter word where so many are so bad, and partly because the neighborhood in question is associated in our mind with childhood's happy hour, stern devotion to the public weal seems to leave no alternative.

The shame is the greater because the instant one leaves the proud State of Illinois—Beloit being on the line—one rolls out on the magnificent highways of the up-and-doing State of Wisconsin.

Why should such things be? Why should the State of Grant and Lincoln, of Vachel Lindsay, the winged vocalist, of J. Ham Lewis of the magnificent waistcoats—but let us leave the more painful side of this question to sing for a moment of Wisconsin.

The Badgers, not without an eye to the tourist possibilities of their innumerable lakes, have flung a network of splendid roads across their State. Not only built them, but what is quite as important, they have patrols to keep them up, so that the dust from the week-end trippers has scarcely settled when the road crews—tanned, good-natured gypsies, who live in the open and actually work—are out with their scrapers and shovels and dump-carts rounding up the centers and making them smooth again.

We commend these observations to the Hon. Len Small, of Illinois, the "W. G. N.," and others interested.

### *White Coal*

**H**OMESTEADERS, waiting for the train in the Coeur d'Alene country in northern Idaho, while away the time by reading on a placard on the station wall, the following short but dramatic story:

"On the Mountain Division of the Milwaukee Railroad 61 electric locomotives have supplanted 162 steam engines at an annual saving of 300,000 tons of coal and 40,000,000 gallons of fuel oil. With a maximum grade of 6,322 feet, a 3,200-ton train is hauled with comparative ease over the Rocky, Bitter Root, and Cascade Mountains."

This enormous amount of power, only part of that which is used for lighting and other purposes in the same neighborhoods, is made by merely taking advantage of the tumbling of water down hill.

One of the romances of the next decade or two will be the harnessing to a greater or less extent of the Colorado River, which goes roaring and foaming through what used to be practically inaccessible canyons for hundreds of miles. Already the Californians are talking and working on this problem. Other states which have riparian rights on the river which the Californians have not, will wake up to fighting for their own. It will be a long and complicated battle, but the power now going to waste at the bottom of that marvelous canyon, down which Major Powell and his party ventured on their trip of discovery in the 70's, must sooner or later be put to useful work.

### *Travelogue on Blackberries*

**W**HAT Moscow is to Bolshevism, and Hollywood to the movies, and Petaluma to eggs, so is the Puyallup Valley to berries. Especially raspberries, loganberries and blackberries. You have never seen blackberries grow until you have seen Puyallup. They take seven tons—fourteen thousand pounds—of berries from an acre!

There are doubtless many explanations of this apparent magic. The soil and climate have been there for a long time, but of what value without a market? And the things that made it possible for canneries to be built and express refrigerator cars to be shipped all the way to New York and expensive advertising campaigns undertaken—all these are matters of business imagination, hard work, and driving along one line until the bodyless idea was a Going Concern.

It is just as well to keep this in mind in viewing any such success, whether in berries or whatsoever. Soil is a great thing, and so is climate, and they have lots of both in the West, but the soil, as Emerson remarked of the sunset, needs a man.



*If the pictures of immigrants that go to Canada be any criterion, then the Dominion is receiving a much better class of settlers from overseas than are we. Here is a party which recently landed at St. John. It is composed of*

*42 single men, 83 young married couples and 105 children. In their case there is no problem of assimilation such as is causing the United States so much concern. They are "worth their weight in gold" to the Dominion.*

## HAND-PICKING IMMIGRANTS

*If Only Uncle Sam Would Select His New Citizens as Canada Does*

By WILLIAM SLAVENS McNUTT

**T**WO men sat side by side at the same boarding-house table for a period of years. No. 1 was young and lean and cautious in his dietary habits. No. 2 was of middle age, corpulent and gluttonously contemptuous of dietary restrictions.

"I eat anything and everything any time and get fat on it," No. 2 boasted. "Laws of diet are a lot of bunk. Look at me. Never had a sick day in my life and I've always gobbled anything that came within my reach."

No. 1 was envious of his neighbor's

apparent digestive ability, but jealousy did not move him to imitation. He continued to be rigidly selective in his diet, ate sparingly and remained lean. Lean but very fit.

One night a gang of hoodlums attacked No. 1 and he was compelled to fight for his life. His lack of weight was a handicap to him, but the excellence of his condition, due to his life-long habit of intelligent eating, more than made up for his slight poundage.

During the fighting the hoodlums shot through the windows of No. 2's house.

No. 2 stuck his head out the door and protested loudly and to no purpose. The indiscriminate shooting continued. Several of his children were wounded and others were killed by the stray bullets.

No. 2 eventually got mad and decided to get into the fight and help No. 1 wipe the hoodlums off the map. His anger was intense and his courage high, but he was fat and short of breath. By the time he got dressed and got his gun down from over the mantelpiece he was in distress. The years of heavy, careless eating were telling on him. The stress of excitement and action made apparent digestive difficulties, of which he had not previously been aware. His courage, his bulk and the possession of a marvelous constitution carried him through.

As the fight went on, the exercise thinned him out a bit and bettered his digestion. By the time the hoodlums were completely whipped he was in fairly good condition. His muscles were hard, his wind was getting better, and he was beginning to be able to turn his food into energy instead of futile and encumbering fat.

But he had had a bad fright. He was unable to forget his physical condition when he began to fight. The memory of it worried him. There was no disguising the fact that it had been bad. He was painfully aware that had



*Canada claims to be the first country in the world to establish an up-to-date nursery in connection with its immigration stations. This particular one is in Quebec.*



When a citizen-to-be is received in a place like this and given every possible attention, his first impressions of Canada, his new home, are decidedly pleasant. "Canada," says Mr. McNutt, "is doing most of the things that Mr. Wallis, the immigration commissioner at Ellis Island, is urging on us."

his condition been a wee trifle worse, the call to action might well have found him impotent.

The fight done he began to eat enormously again, but not with the same confidence nor appetite that he had formerly had.

"I believe I do eat too much," he admitted to No. 1, "or else I eat the wrong kinds of food or too often. I don't know what to do about it. I guess I'll just try eating a little less of everything for a while and then I'll study up on this diet business and see if I can find out what's good for me and what makes me sick. Tell me: How do you select your food? What do you eat and how much and how often?"

The name of No. 1 is Mr. Canada. No. 2 is Uncle Sam. The house at which they have both boarded side by side for so many years is the North American Continent, and their food has been the peoples of Europe. The fight which started Uncle Sam to thinking about his diet was the Great War, and the questions which he asks Canada to-day—"How do you select your food? What do you eat and how much and how often?"—are among the most vital in his anxious mind to-day.

Canada is the one nation of which Uncle Sam can ask those questions to any intelligent purpose. In no other nation on the globe are conditions, geographical and racial, sufficiently approximate to make comparison of national methods of much value. There are no two nations in the world to-day that can so profitably borrow wisdom from the lessons of each other's experiences.

I am writing this in a hotel room

in Vancouver, B. C., and there is nothing to be seen from the window to tell me that the city in view is not Seattle or Portland. A reporter from a local paper was in to see me this morning. I had to ask him whether he was Canadian or American. There was nothing in his dress, manner or speech to tell me.

Canada has profitably studied our mistakes and successes. Uncle Sam can well afford to return the compliment. At this period he can particularly well afford to study Canada's dietary habits, her methods of choosing the racial food from which to build national strength and character.

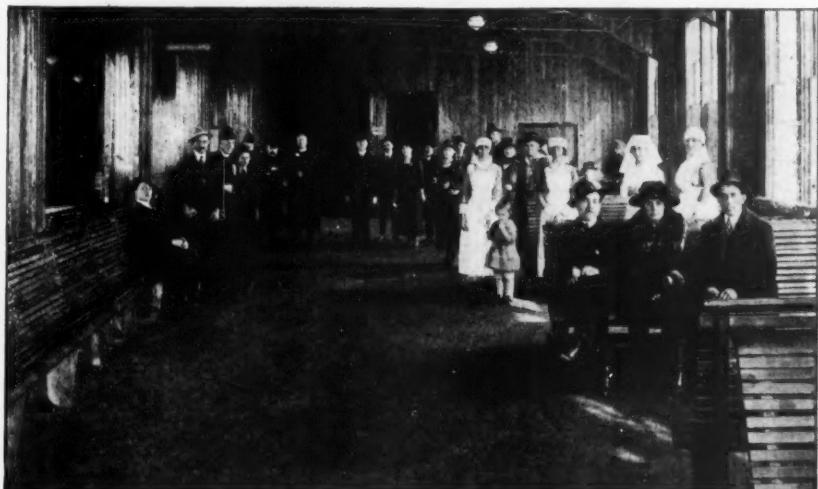
Canada to-day is hungry but fastidious. Canada desperately needs population, but is cannily unwilling to gratify her appetite at the possible expense of her future national health. Canada has a largely undeveloped country and a com-

paratively small number of inhabitants.

The country is as large as the United States, but has only about 8,000,000 inhabitants as contrasted with something like 110,000,000 below the line. As a result of her large part in the war, the nation is bearing an enormous debt, the interest charges on which, in 1920, were nine times as great as the country's total revenue in 1914. The Government is operating thousands of miles of railway at an aggregate loss of more than \$80,000,000 per year, largely because the territory through which the roads run is not sufficiently populated to make profitable operation possible. Canada has 300,000,000 acres of arable land, and only 50,000,000 acres under crop!

The country's resources well justify its great national debt and the extensive

(Continued on page 528)



A rest room for immigrants at St. John's, N. B. Canada is as large as the United States, but it has only about 8,000,000 inhabitants as contrasted with something like 110,000,000 below the line. Its enormous resources can be developed properly only by increase in population. Nevertheless, Canada is extremely careful in the selection of those she admits within her borders.

# THE PORTRAIT

By FRÉDÉRIC BOUTET

Illustrated by HAROLD ANDERSON

Translated from the French by WILLIAM L. MCPHERSON

**A**T THE end of a winding hallway Marsande saw a faded yellow door, on which was written in white letters: "Herbert." He could hear conversation inside. He halted. Once again he hesitated. This errand embarrassed him frightfully. It made him suffer. He was ashamed of it. But a feeling stronger than all these dominated him.

He knocked on the door. The voice which was speaking died away. Another voice called: "Come in." The door was unlatched. He opened it and entered. It was a small-sized studio, scantly furnished, with leprous gray walls. In the light from an inclined window, at a table littered with papers, a man with gray hair, thin, bald, a silk handkerchief around his neck and slippers on his feet, was busily sketching. Another man, also old, his hat on his head, was smoking a pipe near the little stove.

"M. Herbert?" the visitor asked.

"That's my name," said the one who was sketching.

"Could I have a few words with you?"

"I'll get out," said the man with the hat.

He shook hands with his friend and whispered to him with a sardonic grin:

"It is some rich amateur. My congratulations. Better late than never."

His step died away in the corridor. Herbert went to the back of the corridor and closed a small, half-opened door through which the side of a bedstead could be seen.

"Well, monsieur, what can I do for you?"

The visitor was gazing ardently at the walls. He gave a shudder.

"I am a lover of paintings," he said, in a voice which trembled slightly. "I am a collector. The painters of the last years of the last century and those of the first years of this century interest me greatly. But I forgot to tell you my name. I am Louis Marsande. Undoubtedly you have heard of the Marsande factory."

He betrayed an uneasiness which contrasted strangely with his energetic and aggressive appearance. He must have noticed this himself, for he began again in a brusque tone:

"People have spoken to me about your talent, monsieur. My collection would not be complete without an Antoine Herbert. I want to have one of your works."

Herbert thrust his hands into his pockets and stared at the visitor.

"I don't understand you at all," he said at last. "You want to buy a work of mine? Which one? I haven't any. For a long time I haven't been a painter. For a long time I haven't had any talent. I had some long ago, perhaps— for a moment. But it is fin-

trations for children's magazines. Beyond that, nothing. One has to live. Works by me—they don't exist."

"And that—what is that?" said Marsande hoarsely.

Turning red, he indicated with a gesture a painting on the wall at which he had been gazing passionately ever since he entered the studio. It was a tall, nude figure, in a frame made of shingles nailed together. It was the figure of a very young woman, almost a child, straight, slender and very beautiful.

"Yes," said Herbert in a changed voice. "That is mine. But it isn't for sale."

"Why? It pleases me very much. Your price will be my price."

"Don't insist. I have painted but one picture. That's it. I want to keep it."

Marsande's face was pale and drawn.

"I wish to have it," he stammered. "At any price . . ."

"No," Herbert interrupted curtly.

He pointed toward the nude figure.

"You know her, don't you? That's the reason, isn't it? You aren't interested in my painting. You're interested in her."

The other hesitated and lowered his voice:

"I am going to marry her. I want this canvas. I am going to tell you the truth. Yes, you are right. The painting itself is a matter of indifference to me. I want it because of her. I saw her for the first time at the theater, two years ago, in her rôle in 'La Magicienne'—one of her triumphs. I admired her immensely. Until then I never had time to love. I wanted to be loved. As I got to know her I appreciated more and more her superior qualities, apart from her genius—her intelligence, her frankness, her charm, her nobility. No man has more pride than I have. I was proud to offer her my name. She hesitated. I didn't ask her, however, to renounce the stage—at least not at once. Finally, a little while ago, she consented to marry me. But she hates as much as I do all falsehood and dissimulation. She doesn't wish to have any painful surprise or scandalous revelation trouble our life and our love. She insisted on telling me the whole story of her past."

He clenched his fists and continued:

"She told me her story. I shall forget it. But I learned thus that twenty years ago, when she was still almost a child, she posed for a painter and that a por-

(Concluded on page 538)



*"You will understand why I refuse to sell you the picture. It is all I have. . . ."*

ished—buried. Moreover, I have never been known. I never exhibited. A collector? Who could have spoken to you about me? I see only three or four old comrades—all failures like myself. No, on my word, I don't understand you. An Antoine Herbert for your collection! But, my dear monsieur, for many years Antoine Herbert has been drawing illus-



*"I brought her to Paris as a model. She was only seventeen years old."*



*It's terrible, just perfectly terrible—until you know the colored gentleman has condensed milk on his hand.*

IT IS a Pullman swaying and pitching into the night and the colored porter has gone along and regrettably pulled down the berths. In the aisle are the suitcases so cleverly calculated for one to stumble over when down the dim corridor one goes after a belated drink of water. One by one the passengers have yawned and stretched and disengaged themselves from their clothes and the talkative salesman across the aisle has finally drifted off into the land of unsolicited sales, when there is a stirring, the quick breathless rush of men fleeing before an omnipotent terror and the firm *sput-sput* of padded feet.

It is a lion calmly taking his way down the carpeted aisle. A lion in a Pullman—and large juicy men jammed in the turn! How is it done? Moving pictures of course, but just the same a lion is a lion whether you meet him in a Pullman or in Upper Nubia. One might almost say, a lion is a lion whether you meet him in a Lower or in an Upper.

Are the men hurt? No, but they would be if it were not for one thing—psychology, for at last psychology has entered the somewhat belated studio. But not in the making of features for never before have we had such poor pictures as at the present. Unfortunately this new discovery is confined to the zoological department. When it crosses the "lot" and gets into the—but there! that is not what we started out to tell. It is so easy to get started talking about what is the matter with the movies . . . and all that is wanted is merely how animal pictures are made.

Of course the lion is milk fed and all that, and his stomach is tight as a drum with large and juicy viands, but with all that it is doubtful if some one would want to precede him down the aisle, however well the lion might have just dined. That is not the way they go about it. It's all due to psychology. To be a good actor a lion has to be taken when he is a cub, when a journey of ten feet from his mother's side seems a large and perilous undertaking. His disposition is studied as carefully as a governess',

tured, while others have got it in for the Administration. The trainer keeps the cub in his yard and lets it play with his children and they take it to bed with them on wintry nights in place of a hot-water bag and the cub grows up with humans as his friends and never suspecting that they have blood in them. Once he makes this discovery the *camaraderie* is gone. But if he can get along without making the discovery that a human being has something that he wants he is comparatively safe. But in taking the scene the director does not bank on this alone. He puts his money on psychology, for the animal trainer knows that a lion under certain conditions will travel in a straight line. He has psycho-analyzed him and found that when pressed he will not run madly from one side of a set to the other, looking wildly for a possible means of escape, but will go in a straight line. That is his complex.

So the Pullman set is built with an iron stockade running around it and with rockers under it, the latter to give it that realistic motion. Just outside the lines are the guards, men with red hot irons and dead-shot cowboys with their rifles; one false move on the lion's part and he has made his last appearance on any screen. But this is not the protection they depend on, for even with the deadliest of shots and the hottest of irons the lion could do quite a bit of damage to a new suit. The men are banking on psychology. Just out of sight of the camera is a

## THANK PSYCHOLOGY FOR THE ANIMAL MOVIES

By HOMER CROY

trap door. The scene has been rehearsed several times without the people in it so that the lion knows exactly where to head. Beyond that blessed door there is nobody crowding or threatening him, so when the big time comes he is not interested in the people. He has just had a large and succulent steak, and is no more interested in the people who chance to be in his path than he is in Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts, and so he heads straight for the exit and the audience hangs on to its seats. The audience gasps and says it wouldn't be in those men's place for a good deal. Well, for that matter, we wouldn't either—just as personally we wouldn't want to be a prize fighter, but if there is any dearth in ambitious prize fighters we have never happened to notice



*This is where the audience gasps. But the people don't know that a lion always travels in a straight line and that there is a door just ahead that he has been trained to go out of.*



*It's nip and tuck between a pig and a hen as to which is harder to train for pictures—and a rooster is worst of all. That's the reason he has to have his feet tied down.*

it. It is one way of making a living.

Another way of making a living is to let the midnight intruder catch one just as he is trying to use the window for other than its customary purpose. The lion seizes the intruder and seems to be in the process of relieving him of his hand, but it is not really as dangerous as it looks. Especially when you know that the lion has one deep and undying passion—condensed milk. His stomach is never so full and he is never so rushed that he cannot stop to avail himself of any stray bit of his favorite tidbit. So the man applies it to his palm and another thrill creeps along the audience's communal backbone. He closes his fingers and the lion hangs on to his hand until the audience shuts its eyes upon the awful possibilities. But the lion means well by the colored gentleman, except that he wishes that the colored gentleman would be more reasonable about it. The two have worked together through many pictures, and if there was a change in contract each would miss the other terribly.

But lions are real playmates in comparison to tigers. Keep off tigers. They have worse dispositions and you never know when they are going to have a mean morning. Alongside a tiger, a lion is a kitten purring before the fire. A tiger will go off the handle as quick as John J. McGraw and psychology has about as much effect on tigers as moonlight on mashed potatoes. It takes more to get their stomachs full and condensed milk is of no interest to them. The only thing that can be said for them is that they stick to the straight line. If it were not

for this there would be few tigers making a living in motion pictures. But a lion looks more dangerous because of its size and its impressive head when all the time the tiger is twice as dangerous. The chances are, if a colored gentleman wrestles in a Pullman window with a full-grown tiger, it would be his last screen triumph. When the tiger took hold of his hand it wouldn't be for milk; it would be for a meal. The colored gentleman's next appearance would be as leading man in a rôle he would never essay again.

The more danger there is the funnier it seems to an audience. And it is especially so if the character is a colored man. If a colored gentleman comes in at night and throws back the covers of his bed to find a lion snug and comfortable among the blankets, the audience rolls and rocks. All the colored gentleman has to do is to simulate fright and the picture is a success, when as a matter of fact he may have been in about as much danger as if he was trying to change a setting hen.

And speaking of the latter, chickens are about the most difficult creatures in all the motion picture zoo to train—with one possible exception. And that is the pig. Between them it is nip and tuck. Some animal trainers hold that the chicken has more brains, and some say that alongside a pig a chicken is a regular Michael J. Nolan. Anyway all

who have worked with pigs are agreed that a pig's brain is about the size of a dime's worth of salted almonds at Mary Elizabeth's. You can rehearse a pig forty times, then turn on the lights and he will go, "humpf, humpf" a couple of times and head straight for the scenery. With that the director throws his megaphone on the floor and begins to wave his hands; if you are young and suggestible you had best retire to some secluded spot and commune with nature for the time being, for you will not hear anything to make you think that the Christian Endeavor parade was a success.

But knowing the kinks in a leonine brain isn't all of it. Around a picture plant things have a way of going wrong. Just as everything seems to be moving calmly along, it is suddenly found that a monkey-wrench is missing. Then pretty soon the machine begins to cough. So it was when a couple of Hollywood actors were supposed to be lost in the jungle. A dandy jungle was set up, and to make it more thrilling it was

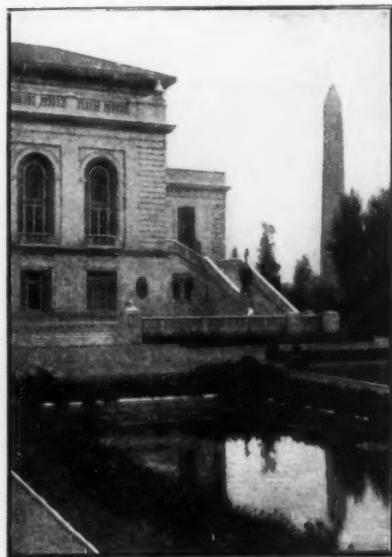
decided to let the lions chase the couple a few yards. The trap doors were arranged, the lions stuffed until they were bleary eyed and all made ready. The two were to be allowed to get several yards in advance, then the lions were to be let out and were to gallop after them while the audience clung to the seats. But the doorman became nervous and



*People like to see animals that approach themselves. "Joe Martin," the orang-outang, dressed up in a suit of clothes at once becomes a comedian.*

sprang the trap too soon; out the lions came, roaring and panting. There was only one thing to do—for the couple to throw themselves on their faces. This they did and when they got up their clothes were in shreds and the girl had her shoulder laid open to the bone—all merely from the lions galloping over them at full speed, for when a lion runs he runs

*(Concluded on page 537)*



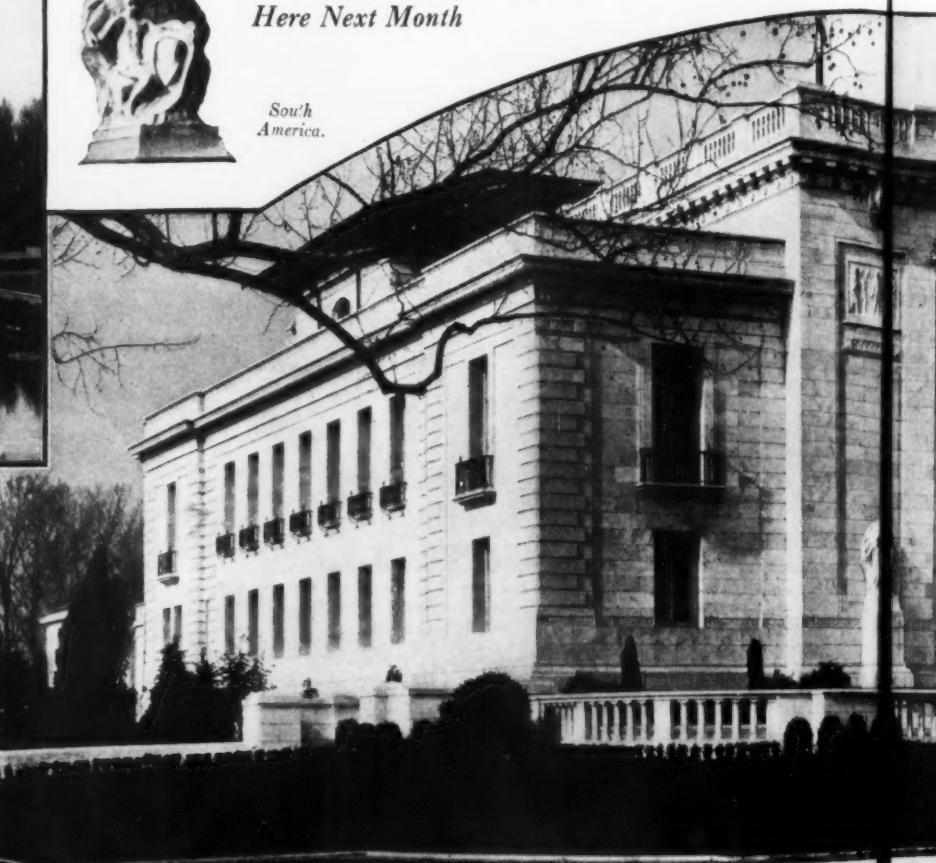
*Looking across the Sunken Gardens, with Washington Monument in the distance.*

SCHUTZ



## Where the Disarmament Conference

*Eyes of the World Will Focus  
Here Next Month*



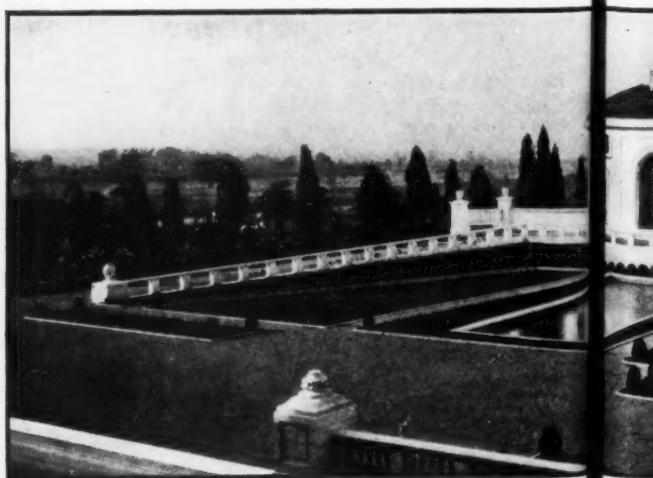
*The Hall of the Flags and Heroes  
commemorative of famous historical figures and events in the American Republics.*

SCHUTZ



WILLIAM H. RAU

*The principal façade of the Pan-American Union Building, symbol of peaceful amity, the international conference called by President Harding will open next month and will be reac-*

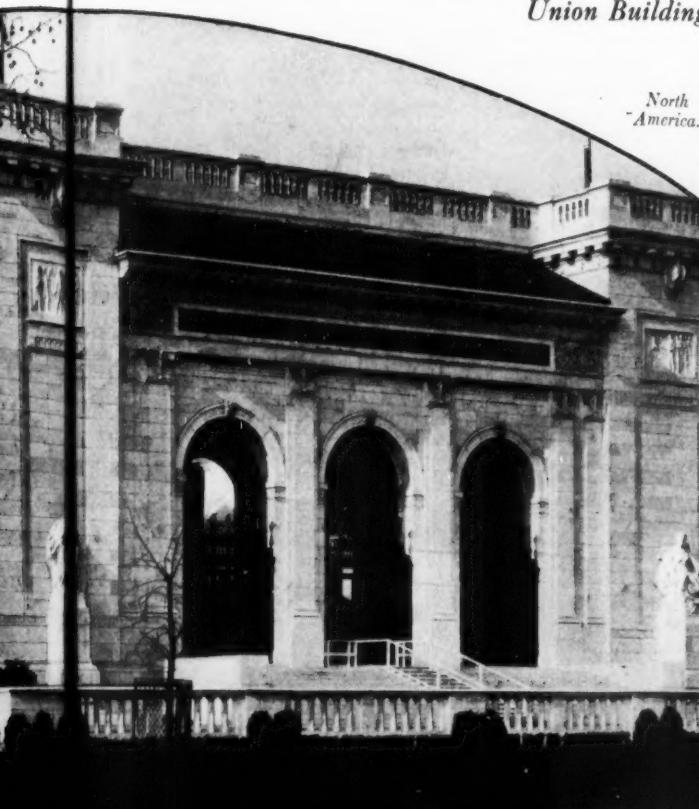


HARRIS AND EWING

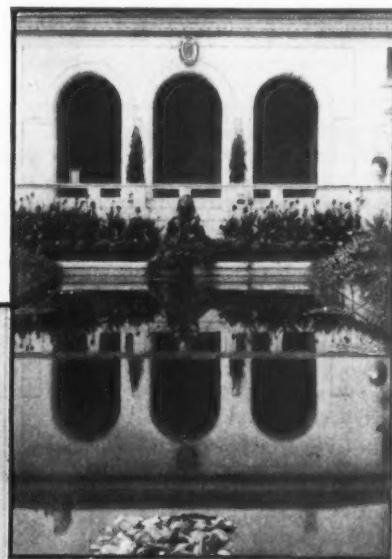
*A view from the Terrace at the rear of the Main Building of the Si-*

# Conference Will Meet in Washington

## *Some Views of the Pan-American Union Building*



*North America.*

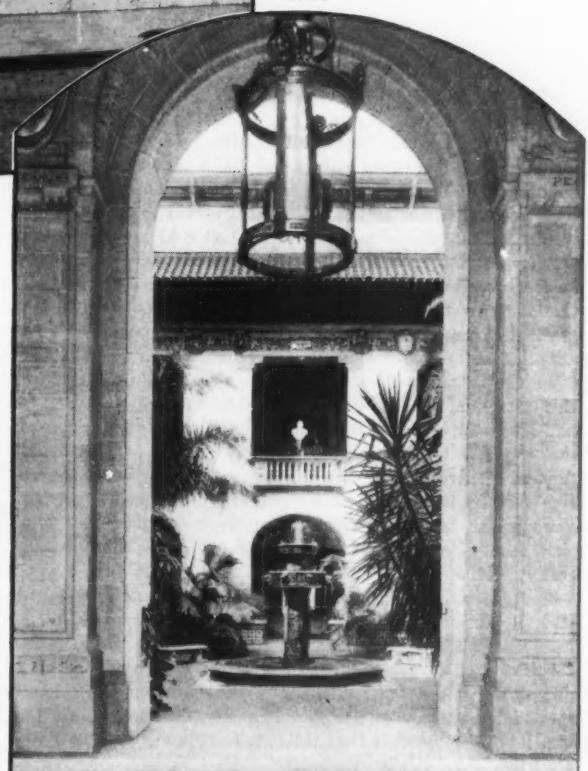


SCHUTZ

*The beautiful pool in the Sunken Gardens, looking toward the Annex Building.*



*... of peaceful amity among the American Republics, where the history-making international conference is to reach an understanding that will bring permanent peace to the world.*



*... in the Sunken Gardens and the Pool, toward the Annex.*

# FIGHTING PELLAGRA WITH PROPER FOOD

By ROBERT G. SKERRETT

**P**ELLAGRA is something of a paradox. It is both a bane and a potential blessing. Admitting its ravages and its trail of more or less prolonged sickness, the study of pellagra here has brought to light facts that can be utilized in guiding the nation at large to greater health and vigor.

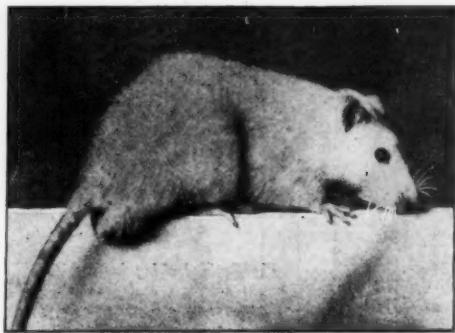
Pellagra may not seem a scourge when viewed familiarly by the people of the South, but it is nevertheless a menace to our hygienic and industrial welfare. No nation can be indifferent to the illness or invaliding of 100,000 or more of its inhabitants or make light of a disease that is apt to carry off from 5,000 to 10,000 per-

**P**ELLAGRA has forced itself upon the attention of the public lately because of its increase in the South, and unless steps be taken to arrest and to wipe out the malady it will spread further. Much has been published recently about the disease, which is both misleading and erroneous.

The present article sums up nearly a decade of vitally important and significant work by a group of experts of the United States Public Health Service. The discoveries of these men are epoch-making and heartening, but they also contain a warning to those millions of us who give little heed to the character of the food we eat so long as it pleases the palate and satisfies the appetite. Dietary abuse is by no means confined to the South, as almost all physicians can testify.

gone some change which made it either actively or passively unfit for use. At the Spartanburg station, as might be expected, the diets of pellagrins were made the basis of experiments with various species of laboratory animals; and when these creatures were kept upon a similar fare for a while they developed nervous and digestive disorders akin to those characteristic of the disease in human beings. The foodstuffs were wholesome, in the common understanding of the term; and this provoked the question, "Why did the diet induce pellagrous symptoms?"

Light was thrown on the puz-



*A normal rat whose diet included, among other things, liberal amounts of milk, eggs, and leafy vegetables—i.e., plenty of protein. The bright eye, the plump body, and the abundant fur are tokens of health.*

where in the Union, but latterly has been especially prevalent and persistent in thirteen of the Southern States. According to the records, up to 1912 there had been 30,000 reported cases in the country, and the rate of mortality was as high as 40 per cent! No wonder, then, that the U. S. Public Health Service in 1913 started various lines of inquiry which have been epoch-making in

their extremely startling disclosures.

A year later this Government organization established at Spartanburg, S. C., a hospital and a laboratory for the clinical and bio-chemical study of pellagra, and in conjunction with these facilities field work has been carried on at divers places. Almost at the very start, in their efforts to prove or disprove the assertions of some students that the disease was communicable, the investigators tried to transmit the ailment to persons and to animals by inoculations with blood, saliva, etc., taken from severe cases of pellagra. In not a single instance were these essays successful. No germ is held responsible for the propagation of the disorder; and we are assured that pellagra is "not catching."

While the foregoing achievements were undeniably steps forward, still the public welfare demanded that the researchers run to earth the cause of the malady and, if possible, discover a cure. All that they had to guide them was a pretty general belief abroad that the disease was in some manner linked with the consumption of poor food—food that had under-



*A rat, originally in normal condition, which was fed on a diet similar to that among the people in the South where pellagra prevails. There are 100,000 or more cases of pellagra existent to-day in this country.*

zing problem by observations made at a number of State institutions in the South where pellagra had been endemic for years among the inmates. Curiously, the nurses and attendants, although drawn from the same class economically and living in the same environment, were uniformly immune to the disease. The dietary of the two contrasting groups was substantially identical, save that the nurses and attendants happened to be in position to choose the best of the food for themselves, and were able to supplement the regular fare whenever it pleased them.

They enjoyed a quite liberal allowance of lean meat and some milk, whereas the inmates were given very little if any of these foodstuffs and subsisted mainly on cereals and vegetables. When more meat, milk, a greater variety of vegetables, and fruit were apportioned to the pellagrins, they recovered before long and the malady disappeared! Without elaborating this phase of the subject, it will suffice to say that the substitution of a properly mixed diet served not only to wipe out pellagra at these institutions,

but to prevent its recurrence. These results were realized without appreciable alteration in the environment, hygienic or sanitary.

Now we come to a still more momentous stage of the investigation. Doctors Joseph Goldberger and G. A. Wheeler, of the U. S. Public Health Service, decided, in 1915, to test the possibility of producing pellagra in human subjects by means of a presumably faulty diet. This was done at the State Penitentiary Farm, near Jackson, Miss.—the Governor offering a pardon to any healthy adult white male prisoner who would volunteer to take for a period of six months whatever fare might be prescribed by the Federal physicians. Twelve men offered themselves, and eleven of them underwent the test. Their food was prepared from the following comestibles: white flour, cornmeal, rice, starch, sugar, molasses, fat pork, cabbage, collards, turnip greens, sweet potatoes, and coffee.

Before the half year was up six of the men developed unmistakable evidences of pellagra. At the same time a larger number of other men, living on the Farm under poorer hygienic conditions and working harder, showed no signs of the malady. This group was used as "controls" or for comparison and was allowed a measure of foodstuffs differing only in that it was richer in animal protein. Thus progressively the technicists of the U. S. Public Health Service established positively that pellagra could be cured and prevented by means of a carefully chosen diet and, further, that the disorder could be induced in human beings by subsisting them on a fare deficient in protein of animal origin.

It may be argued that the asylum inmates and the prisoners had to eat what was given them and if they became pellagrous thereby, that this did not represent the state of affairs at large. Accordingly, the next stage of the inquiry was to ascertain if people free to choose their own food were apt to suffer from pellagra when satisfying their appetites with wholesome commodities. The data desired were obtained by a systematic and a prolonged canvass made among native-born whites in seven cotton-mill villages in South Carolina. The families visited contained 4,399 persons, and, counting both well-defined cases and "suspects," the incidence rate was nearly forty-three per 1,000. The food in the affected households was composed mostly of white bread, corn-bread, grits, fat pork, gravy, and syrup. In short, the diet lacked in animal protein, for fat pork has very little of this nutrient.

While the survey conducted in the

cotton-mill villages disclosed, as was to be expected, that the economic conditions of the households regulated the quantities and the kinds of foods consumed in each of them, still it was equally apparent that a meager purse did not necessarily invite an outbreak of pellagra. In some of the families, where the half month's income per adult male unit was less than \$6, the disease occurred when the daily ration of each adult male unit averaged

infrequently or in very small quantities, it is most important that at least one and one-half pints—preferably more—of milk be taken daily."

There is a tendency to ascribe pellagra to enforced economies, to poverty. The following evidences to the contrary are cited to disprove this and also to make it clear that healthful surroundings are not a safeguard against the disease if the diet be unsuitable. At two places in North

Carolina, remote from the usual pellagrous districts, and at altitudes ranging from 2,800 to 3,100 feet above sea level, the malady appeared. One sufferer was the wife of a well-to-do farmer. It seems she had never eaten meat, and a while before she was afflicted she took a strong dislike to milk and butter, and rarely touched them. Her diet, of her own choosing, consisted principally of pastries and delicacies, with vegetables of some sort occasionally. The second pellegrin, also a woman, was accustomed to plenty of milk, butter, home-produced meats, poultry and vegetables. While away on a visit to her daughter her fare consisted of dishes prepared from cornmeal, wheat flour, salt pork, potatoes, rice, syrup, and canned goods. She became pellagrous, but was soon restored to health when she returned home where she could have a normal, balanced diet.

And now that we know that pellegra can be effectually dealt with—cured and prevented by a suitable even if modest fare—the question will be asked: "What is it about protein which is so essential to our bodily well-being and, conversely, why do we suffer when the percentage of it in our food is low?" To the metallurgist it is well known that a relatively diminutive amount of alumin

ium or some other alloy will work wonders in the physical properties of a ton of steel. Similarly, the bio-chemist is aware that a small measure of certain nutritives and such "accessory foods" as vitamines, have vital parts to perform in maintaining the growth of the body, in repairing wastage, and in furnishing the heat and the energy demanded to sustain our various internal and external activities. Even so, what, specifically, is the service performed by protein?

Doctor Goldberger makes this positive statement: "The suspicion of pellagra may with confidence be dismissed in one who is known to be a habitual milk drinker and meat eater." And he also says: "Milk is the most important single food in balancing a diet and in preventing or curing pellagra. When lean meat, green vegetables, and fruit are, for any reason, not included in the diet, or only



Dr. Joseph Goldberger, of the U. S. Public Health Service. Experiments conducted in the South by Dr. Goldberger and Dr. G. A. Wheeler have done much to solve the baffling problem presented by pellagra. "Milk," says Dr. Goldberger, "is the most important single food in balancing a diet and in preventing or curing pellagra. When lean meat, green vegetables and fruit are, for any reason, not included in the diet, or only infrequently or in small quantities, it is most important that at least one and one-half pints—preferably more—of milk be taken daily."

Protein compounds are the principal tissue formers, the prime body builders of the human organism. Without them our framework would be stunted during the formative period and needful repairs would not be made at any time to offset the drains imposed by mental, muscular, or nervous efforts. And right here it should be said that protein occurs both in

(Concluded on page 538)

# THE FORWARD PASS IN FOOTBALL

By JOHN W. HEISMAN  
Head Coach at the University of Pennsylvania

**W**HAT'S the matter with the forward pass?" That's the question laymen were asking last winter on reading in the sporting columns of the newspapers that some colleges wanted the Rules Committee to pass legislation more or less antagonistic to this unique play. Let's discuss it a few moments.

In the first place it is easy to understand that one coach thinks one thing in football is most important, while another has in mind some other department of play as being the more deserving of the main honors. That's how, sometimes, it comes about that one team doesn't work as assiduously with the forward pass as does some other eleven, and in such case it is not to be expected that the first team will learn fully to appreciate all its beauties and values, although, to an unusual degree, it may have worked these out in such departments of play as punting, line smashing and end running. You see, not all people think alike—it's a difference of opinion that makes horse racing.

The writer cherishes no doubt whatever that the objectors to forward passing in football honestly believe a better game would result if the rules so hedged in the pass that it would be an even riskier maneuver to attempt the play in games than it already is. In such event the play would certainly not be attempted as often—and the game would revert, more or less, to what it was like years ago.

But no matter how conscientious are these objectors in their belief that the forward pass is spoiling football, the fact remains that these are in a most hopeless minority. In the world of football their names are indeed weighty, but, counting

*AS THE remarkable success of the teams he has tutored during a period of thirty years well attests, the author of this article knows football as do few other experts. By many he is regarded as the most brilliant coach in America. Certainly no one has made quite the same use of the forward pass and its varied possibilities as has Mr. Heisman, who, it is interesting to recall, was the first gridiron authority to advocate throwing the ball forward ahead of the scrimmage line. Recently he has published a book on football which already is generally regarded by authorities on sports as the best text-book on the greatest collegiate game which has ever been written.*

each college—no matter what its size—as having one vote only, it can safely be said that 95 per cent. of them are out-and-put declarants in favor of the retention of the pass. Their faculties, their alumni, their undergraduates undoubtedly believe heartily in the play.

To execute a forward pass successfully it takes neither huge size nor great strength. If a team has not the power that would enable it to rely on bucking the line, if it lacks the individual playing brilliancy so necessary to successful end running, or if it has no dazzling punter, it can still put up a most dangerous fight with the one weapon that is left to it—the forward pass.

Nearly two decades ago the writer urged the forward pass as a sure means of opening up the game and, incidentally, of making it safer for the players, and at that time he realized fully that such a play would revolutionize the game. He also foresaw that, to the end of time, there would be some who would not care for the play simply because they would, perhaps, be more enraptured with other

departments of the game and would not wish to see these relegated ever so slightly to the rear.

But while I did not doubt there would always be objectors to the forward pass, I was equally firmly of belief that after a few years' trial the adherents of the pass would outnumber its detractors ten to one, just as they are doing. Most of those who believe in the pass are serenely confident there is no danger that it will be legislated out or that its effectiveness will be greatly curtailed by the rule makers, hence they are not troubling themselves to raise their voices even to a whisper; they do not deem it at all necessary. And so it comes about that the number of those haranguing loudly in its favor is not much greater than the number shouting against it, wherefore it would seem as though there were a real argument on. But were it to appear that the rule makers were actually thinking of legislating against the pass, you would hear the voices of those that like the play and want it to remain in the game, rising in a swelling chorus as of sounding brass; you would quickly learn on which side the majority resides.

In the opinion of the writer the forward pass is here to stay. It has demonstrated beyond successful contradiction that it is a grand maneuver to induce opening up of the offense and to compel loosening up of the defense, and these two factors spell much greater safety for the players. Also it introduces into the game a wholly new department of play, which makes the game more intricate and thus calls for greater headwork if a team would command entire mastery of the sport. And, finally, the play is a most pleasing one to the public.

## Fighting the K. K. K. on Its Home Grounds—(Concluded from page 511)

Harris wagged his head with great vigor. "It's hard enough for yours truly," he said. "Our circulation list is changing like a kaleidoscope. A good many of the old-timers have quit, but subscribers are coming to us from every corner of the State."

"Now and then an advertiser quits. He doesn't tell us why. He just stops advertising. Some of them stop honestly without hidden reasons. A few have told us they don't agree with our policy. Others don't explain."

Then he laughed.

"Loyless is the toughest editor ever I knew. He doesn't care what he hits or whom he hits, and while he's having fun fighting I have to keep the paper alive. Fine job, isn't it?"

"But the hope of it all is that news-

paper readers want the truth. The truth is nearly always a scoop."

And so, talking about this and that with these two Georgians who have become so accustomed to receiving "skull and crossbones letters" that they throw them into the waste basket instead of saving them as souvenirs, the Georgian autumn dusk crept up from the floor of the pine forests that surround the old Warm Springs Hotel, and began to spread itself through the evening sky.

"We're closing the hotel now for the season," said Loyless. "Kept it open overtime for my daughter's wedding."

"Is this your hotel?" I asked.

"Yes," said Loyless. "There's a big hot springs bath here and some cottages and a good many acres of hill forests."

It came over me then that, during

our long afternoon talk, Loyless had hardly raised his voice above a drone. He hadn't talked about himself, but about others. He hadn't boasted except about the daughter who had been married the night before. When he had smiled it has been with his eyes. I realized that, in all ways, he must be a quiet man, who acts rather than speaks. He's a reservoir-sort of a fellow.

I hadn't probed very deep into his mind or his opinions, after all. But I had seen enough to know that he would make a bad, bad enemy; and that, also, he's the kind who doesn't start a fight until he knows he has almost more ammunition than he knows what to do with.

If the Ku Klux Klan have "the law of" Tom Loyless and Julian Harris, I want to be in the court room.

## The Real Land of the Merry Widow—(Continued from page 514)

ans, had been his commissary in the Austrian war, and had remained behind when he, with the enemy at his heels, fled southward—she knew not where.

When I first saw her she looked and spoke like a native, and then she turned to me and spoke English, out there at the edge of the world. She told me how, in a land stripped by war and pestilence, she was holding on to her hat and working her farm, alone. I did what I could. I informed the nearest consul, who promised to wire Washington. But whether Rosie Strugar is still in the Black Mountain I shall not know, unless she reads this and writes me about it.

Time was when Cetinje held a gay little diplomatic world. Russia, Austria, Germany and France had legations whose splendor varied according to the occupants' interest in Montenegro. There was a neat little royal theater, now used to stable horses. There was a royal estate in the fertile valley around Cetinje, now confiscated and given to peasant families. There was a royal oak under which Nicholas, patriarch that he was,

furniture, which would otherwise fall into Jugoslav hands. As for the hero of *The Merry Widow*, ex-Crown Prince Danilo, he stands accused by his countrymen of every crime in the decalogue.

Montenegro is the land of the picturesque, benevolent bandit, the *comitadji*. He is the counterpart of Robin Hood, Stenka Razin and the Greek *klephts*, and he fills in the medieval picture of bishop and feudal warfare. Once he was just a highwayman, but of a gallant sort, who would strip a rich *voivoda* and return a peasant's farthing. Nicholas gave him short shrift. Then when the Austrian came, he sniped the troop columns and snapped at the enemy's flank. You might think that with the Austrian and Nicholas gone, the *comitadji* would be just a highwayman again. But he couldn't give up the rôle of national hero, and when discontent flared against the new Serbian rule, the *comitadji* hoisted the flag of revolt. He sniped the Serbs; he took officers' clothing and sent them home in barrels. On the public road he shot down Radovich, Finance Minister of Jugoslavia, and stole a large sum of money. Sometimes he declared for Nicholas who, like Bonnie Prince Charlie, was only "king across the water." If you think that Romance has slunk from all her domains, you should have been in Cetinje on the night when a famous *comitadji* walked into town, treated friend and foe alike at the bar, and after shooting the lights out, strolled back to his lair in the peaks. There was a Joan of Arc, too, who set for herself the task of driving the Serbs out of her country, and who delivered a jailful of Nicholas's people.

Just as your world-wanderer has to work harder and pay dearer than he who stands in the box-office line, so does he see far gaudier extravaganzas than those of the theater. That stage which is the Balkan Alps surpasses any work of hammer and saw, which might have displayed the fanciful Marsovia.

From France you approach Montenegro over the smoothest, sunniest seas in the world—past Corsica and Elba, cradle and prison of an Emperor; under the brows of Stromboli and Etna, through the once classic, now savage Ionian, and beneath Epirote monasteries that are the strongholds of brigands. You are but a few hours' sail from Italy; yet in those gloomy hills that tumble back from Durazzo, men practice marksmanship on the passersby, just for the fun of the thing, and swear themselves to blood-brotherhoods that condemn them to lifetimes of fighting. But I will give any tourist his fjords of Norway, his Lombard plains and his Alps, and beat him with just the Bocche di Cattaro.

For around the Bocche are three such wonders together—the deep, long gulf, the rich Dalmatian meadows and the granite crags of three provinces, all at a glance. There is a fortress that the Aus-



Lina Abarbanel and George Dameral, who also scored quite a hit in Franz Lehár's most famous operetta.

judged his people, and which has since been uprooted to make a grave for patriot king-haters.

Alas for the pageantry of that day! With the passing of the king and the beginning of Serbian rule, the diplomats think no more of Cetinje as a capital. I occupied the German Legation myself, and one day an erstwhile Austrian diplomat begged me to help him export his



A glimpse of the Moracha River, which divides the Moslem from the Christian town in Podgoritzia. There is a Turkish minaret in the background.

trians might have held, with Vienna taken. There is the old Venetian ram-part, coiling over the crag at Cattaro. There is a rock poised above the town, chained to the cliff. A nation's story is in the Cyrillic letter *P* on the hillside. Once it was *K* for Austrian Karl. Now Jugoslav troopers have chipped the Teutonic letter out, and much to the disgust of the Italian garrison then holding Fort Trinità, nicked in the initial of Peter, King of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes. Cattaro has known many lords.

From that old Venetian town, which is only the gateway, you travel up a bold zigzag, an excellent road built with Austrian funds. Or if you are hurried and reckless, you ascend by the aerial cable, which until lately was worked by forgotten German prisoners. Below is a paradise of storied palaces over spellbound gulfs. Above, in the real Montenegro, is a waste of billowing rocks, scrofulous here and there with a dark red growth. And when Lake Scutari has risen like a mirage and faded, you come to a vast plain where the East begins. From afar off you see the Turkish Castle of the Snail and the mosques of the Faithful. There is a town—Podgoritzia—a metropolis of 15,000, through which flows a rapid river. And on the banks of this stream still lie the Roman ruins of Dioclea, home of a slave who became the Emperor Diocletian. And this stream divides the

(Concluded on page 535)

## Hand-Picking Immigrants—(Continued from page 517)

railway system that is, at present, such a burden. But those resources can be developed only by increase in population. Nevertheless, Canada prefers temporary famine to permanent fat. This preference is directly due to careful study of Uncle Sam's dietary problems. Canada is determined to prevent the accumulation of indigestible masses in the industrial centers of the national system; determined to consume only the sort of racial food which agrees with the national constitution, and that only in such quantities as may be certainly turned into industrial muscle and agricultural sinew.

**C**ANADA has a section in her immigration act which is equivalent to a faucet. By means of this Canada can turn immigration on or off, without delay. The section reads as follows:

The Governor-in-Council may, by proclamation or order whenever he deems it necessary or expedient—

(a) Prohibit the landing in Canada or at any specified port of entry in Canada of any immigrant who has come to Canada otherwise than by continuous journey from the country of which he is a native or naturalized citizen and upon a through ticket purchased in that country, or prepaid in Canada.

(b) Prohibit the landing in Canada of passengers brought to Canada by any transportation company which refuses or neglects to comply with the provisions of this act.

(c) Prohibit or limit in number for a stated period or permanently the landing in Canada, or the landing at any specified port or ports of entry in Canada, of immigrants belonging to any nationality or race or of immigrants of any specified class or occupation, by reason of any economic, industrial or other condition temporarily existing in Canada or because such immigrants are deemed unsuitable having regard to the climatic, industrial, social, educational, labor or other condition or requirements of Canada or because such immigrants are deemed undesirable owing to their peculiar customs, habits, modes of life and methods of holding property, and because of their probable inability to become readily assimilated or to assume the duties and responsibilities of Canadian citizenship within a reasonable time after their entry.

Read over that last clause again and digest it. It's the heart of the Canadian Immigration Act. It permits the Government at any time to turn the flow on freely, shut it off altogether, or regulate it absolutely according to the national needs.

For example: In the spring and early summer of this year unemployment became a serious problem in Canada. The industries of the country were not in a position to provide work for all the available native labor. Industrial immigrants entering the country were adding to the gravity of the situation. But while there was unemployment in the manufacturing centers there was need of domestic help, farm laborers and farmers. So on July 21 the Governor-General, on the recommendation of the Minister of Immigration and Colonization, issued the following Order-in-Council:

The landing in Canada is hereby prohibited of any immigrant who does not possess in his own right the minimum amount of money hereinafter prescribed:

In the case of an immigrant of the age of eighteen years or upwards the sum of \$250 and in the case of an immigrant of the age of five years and under the age of eighteen years the sum of \$125 in addition, in each case, to ticket or sufficient money to purchase transportation to destination in Canada: Provided that in the case of an immigrant who is the head of a family and is accompanied by one or more members of his family the money qualification, in addition to ticket or sufficient money to purchase transportation to destination in Canada shall be \$125 for each member of the family (except the head of the family who shall have \$250) of the age of eighteen years, and \$50 for each member of the family of the age of five years and under the age of eighteen years. Provided further that the immigration officer in charge may, notwithstanding anything hereinbefore contained, exempt any immigrant from the operation of the foregoing regulation if it is shown to his satisfaction that:

(a) The immigrant, if a male, is going to assured employment at farm work, and has the means of reaching the place of such employment; or

(b) The immigrant, if a female, is going to assured employment at domestic service and has the means of reaching the place of such employment; or

(c) The immigrant, whether male or female, is of one of the following descriptions, and is going to reside with a relative of one of the following descriptions, who is able and willing to support such immigrant and has the means of reaching the place of residence of such relative:

Wife going to husband.

Child going to parent.

Brother or sister going to brother.

Minor going to married or independent sister.

Parent going to son or daughter.

And there you are! Not so involved is it? That order automatically shut off the flow of industrial laborers whose arrival at that time would have aggravated an already acute situation and at the same time left the door wide open to farm laborers and domestic workers who were wanted. Also, the last clause in the order does away with the senseless cruelty that our absurd 3 per cent. act works upon citizens of the country and well-established aliens having relatives abroad who are refused admittance at our gates because they are so unfortunate as to arrive even a few minutes after the allotted monthly number have passed in!

**I**F a husband is established in Canada his wife is permitted to come from the old country and join him no matter what the industrial situation may be. Canada does not believe that worthy alien residents are bettered or new citizens made more loyal by being compelled to live apart from their wives and children in order to uphold the letter of a silly law. Canada is too intensely and too intelligently interested in the great problem of national growth uselessly to bruise and mangle new national flesh in that manner.

Selection and distribution. That fairly sums up the Canadian immigration policy. Rigid selection and intelligent distribution. Could we not hereafter practice both with profit? Incidentally, I might mention here that in searching through the files of the Immigration and Colonization Department of the Canadian Government at Ottawa I came across a report from Montreal, which read:

(Continued on page 532)



If Canada could only get a few million more like these! They are British farmers who crossed the Atlantic not long ago and settled in Saskatchewan. They brought with them \$175,000 in cash, strong, well-trained bodies, and a fine knowledge of modern agricultural methods. At the present time the Dominion has 300,000,000 acres of arable land, and only 50,000,000 acres under crop. What it needs is men to till its soil.

# CONCERNING DREAMS

By HEREWARD CARRINGTON, Ph.D.

Illustrated by EDWIN A. GOEWY

IT HAS been said that three great problems confronted the mind of primitive man: the difference between living and lifeless matter; the fate of the individual human soul after death, and the nature of the figures that were most frequently seen in dreams.

It may be said that, in a certain sense, these three problems still remain unsolved; for, although science has done much towards their solution, the primary questions still remain, in their broadest sense.

When we come to think of it, it is very remarkable that most of us consider our dreams so little. We spend approximately one-third of our lives in sleep, and it is almost certain that there is no such thing as dreamless sleep! We all dream all the time, only we do not remember our dreams. Therein lies the difference.

But many dreams are remembered—and a hopeless jumble many of them are, you will say! Certainly, they appear to be so; but it is very doubtful if this is the case, as usually understood. We now know that we remember only a small fraction of any dream—what is called the “manifest content,” and that below this is a vast mass of dream material never normally recalled, known as the “latent content.” If we could remember this, we should see that most of our dreams are systematic, coherent, and frequently represent some wish or desire. All this has been shown by psychoanalysis and other methods.

The central point still remains, however: Who are the people whom we meet and with whom we converse in our dreams? We often have long conversations and arguments with them, as we know, and for the time being they seem as real and as much alive as we are. Are they separate beings, with whom we come into contact and whom we meet in the vast, shadowy realm of Dreamland, or are they creations of our own subconscious mind, created by ourselves, as it were, who only exist as long as our dream lasts? That is the problem which Alice had to solve in “Alice in Wonderland,” and a very difficult problem it is!

Leaving this

for the time being, for later discussion, it may be pointed out that practically every one of us has had, at one time or another, seven common dreams, which are said to have been dreamed at one time or another by nearly everybody in the world.



*Is there a person living who hasn't dreamed himself into a predicament of this sort? Probably not. The hair-raising experiences depicted below are equally common, too—in Slumberland. If you haven't had these and four other equally startling adventures in your sleep you have missed the seven commonest dreams.*

These are:

1. The falling dream.
2. The flying dream.
3. The dream of inadequate clothing.
4. The dream of not being able to get away from some beast that is pursuing.
5. The dream of being drawn irresistibly to some dangerous place.
6. The dream that some darling wish has been gratified.
7. The dream of being about to go on a journey, and being unable to get your things into your trunks, etc.

Much work has been devoted to a solution of these dreams, and many theories have been advanced by way of explanation. Some of these are doubtless due to purely physical causes (e.g. the dream of inadequate clothing) which is due, in most instances, to an insufficiency of bed clothing. Others, again, are due to deep psychological causes, which would require elaborate explanation. Let us take the first two dreams for a brief analysis.

The most rational theory of the falling dream is probably the following: By lying too long in one position, the blood supply on the under surface of the body gets cut off. This produces a temporary insensibility on this side of the body. The sleeper would no longer feel the bed holding him up. This would give rise, by association, to the idea that nothing was supporting him, and consequently that he was falling in space. The bodily sensations would facilitate this.

It is upon the falling dream, however, that the most original and the latest

researches have been made—by Dr. Lydiard H. Horton, of Boston, in a series of articles in the *Journal of Abnormal Psychology*. The interesting point about these researches is that, by means of certain experiments, flying dreams were induced in subjects who were actually awake—before they fell asleep! This was due to the fact that the subjects experimented upon were successful in inducing a state of complete muscular relaxation, of which the following stages were noted:

1. The relaxation of the voluntary muscles, allowing the bodily posture to adjust itself to the chair or couch.
2. The decrease of muscular tension below the ordinary, a state in which there is no tendency to maintain any posture into which the body falls.
3. A still greater relaxation, in which the feeling of self-activity diminishes, and in which the subject although fully awake, is surprised and pleased that he does not feel desirous of moving or acting. In this state the subject feels “as limp as a rag,” etc.
4. Next comes a change in the breathing, which becomes deeper and more regular.
5. Lastly, we find vaso-motor dilatation—that is, a state in which the blood vessels on the surface of the skin seem to relax, and it becomes flushed with blood. This is often so sudden and noticeable that a sensation of “tingling” is felt over the entire surface of the body.

Now, it was found that in subjects who could relax to this extent, and at the same time retain consciousness, many of them reported illusions of levitation—that is, has the sensation of floating or flying. This is usually pleasant, and was accompanied by the sensation of great ease and lightness. Here is a simple experiment which anyone can readily try, and which is extremely interesting and valuable—as throwing light upon this question of flying dreams.

It will be seen that the causes of the flying dream are, to a certain extent, similar to those which produce the falling dream, and in fact Doctor Horton takes pains to call attention to this very significant fact.





LEROY NORR

*"Oregon's Flying Governor"—Ben W. Olcott—and one of the carrier pigeons that he recently raced from Portland to San Francisco.*

**T**HREE is one governor in the United States who is continually going up in the air. He loves it. He is proud of it. His name is Ben W. Olcott, and he is known as the "flying governor of Oregon."

When Governor Olcott took his first flight two or three years ago everyone considered it a joke. The newspaper paragraphers of the State were busy for weeks, playing variations on the theme, "The Governor is up in the air again." Then as the flights continued and the Governor's air habit became confirmed, the joke-smiths laid off and "view with alarm" editors had their turn.

It was pointed out with great solemnity that a "governor in the air" was no governor at all, that Oregon's forefathers in their infinite wisdom, had made no provision in the Constitution for a chief executive who left the soil of his State perpendicularly, so to speak. Such a procedure, indeed, was "flighty," not in conformity with the dignity of the office, needlessly hazardous, etc.

But the Governor only smiled. He has a quiet, rather disconcerting smile, and proceeded to go up in the air, more than ever. For let it be known, Governor Olcott from his first flight had a vision. And the more he flew the more clearly outlined that vision became. It was a vision that took in a bird's-eye view of Oregon, as one of the richest timber-producing states in the world; it was a vision that took in Crater Lake, the Cascades of the Rogue, the gorges of the Columbia; plains where the antelope still roam, sparkling mountain streams where trout have never glimpsed a manufactured fly, water falls, marble caves—

And although the Governor rhetorically is the least airy person in the world, still he said something very like this:

"Oregon's greatest wealth lies in its timber, its greatest charm in its wonderful wilderness. As Governor of that State, I intend to protect that timber and preserve that scenery, and, by the Eternal!"—this historic ejaculation has even percolated to the Pacific—"the airplane will do it!"

Wherefore Oregon's flying Governor proceeded to turn his passion for going up in the air to a practical benefit for his

## OREGON'S FLYING GOVERNOR

By ROBERT W. RUHL

State—a very characteristic performance. Through the co-operation of the War Department he was influential in securing an aerial forest patrol, which last year reduced Oregon's fire loss to the lowest sum in years, and which is now regarded as a permanent institution; and he inaugurated a State society for scenic preservation which is already in full swing, and is perfecting a program through which it is believed Oregon's scenic attractions will be preserved undefiled for future generations.

And the airplane runs through all this—for in the cockpit of a DeHaviland was the vision born. In fact the Governor maintains scenery can only be seen and appreciated from the air, which suggests the dictum of John Burroughs—or was it Aristophanes—that the only perfect aesthete is a bird on the wing.

And the vision doesn't end there. For Governor Olcott is essentially a business man, and has a business man's imagination. He hasn't forgotten that Oregon spruce furnished the major portion of the raw material—and some of the scandal—of America's air fleet in the World War. Those forests of spruce are still there. If airplane manufacturers are like wool and lumber manufacturers, with a desire to be near the source of supply, why should not a State that has a flying Governor have a flying machine payroll? Why not indeed!

And again. If, as airplane experts now maintain, spruce is to give way to white cedar, the richest supply of white cedar in the world lies along the Oregon coast, particularly near Port Orford. And here is an interesting point—it can be stated on the highest authority that a squad of expert lumber cruisers have recently gone over this Port Orford district, and their report has been sent to the Imperial Government of Japan. Now if Japan has an

eye on the white spruce of Oregon, should not Uncle Sam have two eyes or perhaps three? Oregon's Governor is inclined to think so. And let it be said here, parenthetically, that the airplane problem and the Japanese problem on the Pacific coast are not as unrelated as some people may suppose.

But to return to the vision. The final squint at the globe—not crystal, but dirt, 7,000 feet below—reveals this: the dome of every State house in the land an aerodrome! Not that the Governor says so. Let it be repeated he is not a talker. But it takes a slight poetic license to frame such a picture from what he does say.

With Governor Olcott flying is a genuine passion. The air service gave him the thirty-third degree on his third trip—loop-the-loop, tail-spin, falling-leaf, nose-dive, and his Excellency never battoned an eye, but came down asking for more. A man can't bluff that sort of thing—at least not with the United States Air Service. He must be born.

So the thrill, as far as the public is concerned, has largely passed. They have accepted their airplane Governor and they like him—with, of course, the usual political exceptions. Even when he races a flock of carrier pigeons from Portland to San Francisco as he did in April, and beats them by twenty hours—or when he drops from the clouds on a Crater Lake hotel committee, as he did at Medford, there is no excitement.

There are probably many reasons for this. Two are perhaps worth mentioning. First, the Governor has flown thousands of miles without a mishap; and second, the old pioneers of Oregon have a motto which fits an airplane Governor to perfection—"She flies with her own wings." And anything backed by a pioneer precedent enjoys easy sailing in Oregon.



V. COVERT MARTIN

*Having just completed a flight from the international boundary line to Stockton, Cal., Governor Olcott (left) and Lieut. R. M. Kelly pose for the camera man before leaving their machine.*

### ON WITH THE MUTUAL ATHLETICS!

TRITE but true it is to say that keeping track of everything is a tough job. No use enumerating the big things; taxation, tariff, limitation of armament, unemployment, they're familiar subjects, too familiar. How many realized, however, that while Lloyd George and De Valera were struggling with the Irish question, and Hughes and official Germany were jockeying over a peace treaty, and Harding and Congress were wrestling with Government costs, the Dancing Masters were striving for a compromise with the Methodists and had brought out a dance called the Wesleyan.

Well, they were. And the new dance didn't go. It was withdrawn, scratched. Naming a dance after the founder of Methodism didn't seem quite the thing to do. But as a sequel comes a proposal by Dr. C. H. McCrea, a Methodist editor, that "some sort of mutual athletics be devised that will save all that is harm-

changed, quick. It is not a happy choice. There is too much mutual athletics in dancing already; too much that is suggestive of catch-as-catch-can wrestling, strangles, clinches, in-fighting, blocking and holding in the line. It is too darn mutual. What is needed in dancing is more open play. A lot of folks beside orthodox Methodists will agree on that. Try again, doctor.

In wrestling, a referee circles watchfully about the swaying combatants, and when one of them becomes too—as it were—mutual, he slaps him a warning upon his shiny shoulders. In football, a too mutual offender is ruled off by the umpire and sent to the sidelines to meditate in his blanket. Why not be as watchful of what goes on upon the waxed floor as of what transpires upon the gridiron or the mat?

\* \* \*

**THE UNPROGRESSIVE TENNIS MALE**  
ERE another tennis season rolls around, something radical must happen. The costume of the male tennis player is almost archaic. It must be modernized if tennis females are not to hold exclusively the attention of the camera men.

"The costume of the male tennis player is almost archaic. It must be modernized if tennis females are not to hold exclusively the attention of the camera men."

less in the dance and provide all that is lacking for the social life of the young people of both sexes." Doctor McCrea cheerfully admits that the idea has gone no further than the name "mutual athletics," but he is open for suggestions. Our suggestion is that the name be

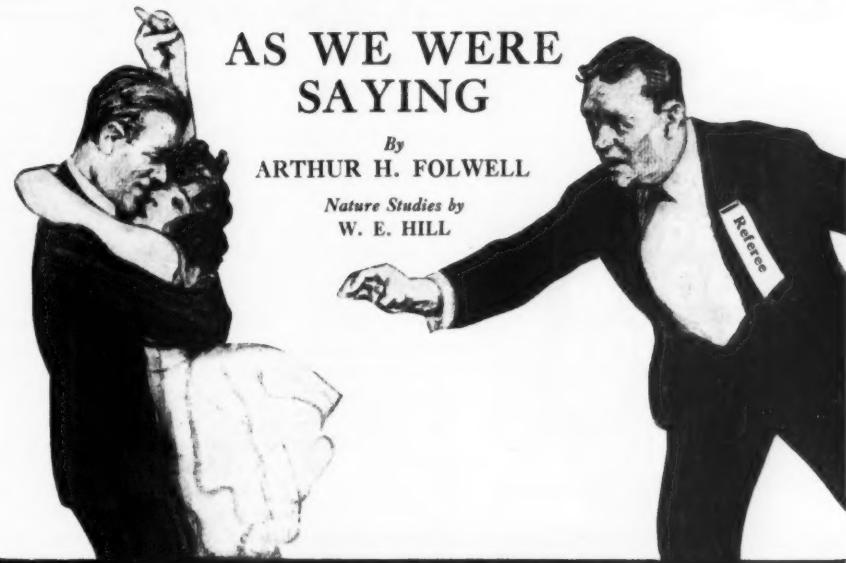
"What is needed in dancing is more open play."

## AS WE WERE SAYING

By

ARTHUR H. FOLWELL

*Nature Studies by*  
W. E. HILL



"The costume of the male tennis player is almost archaic. It must be modernized if tennis females are not to hold exclusively the attention of the camera men."

listen to reason. Even matrimony with a crown prince or princess is possible now that Papa is underwriting the king. The king is dead! Long live the underwriters!

\* \* \*

### THE UNPROGRESSIVE TENNIS MALE

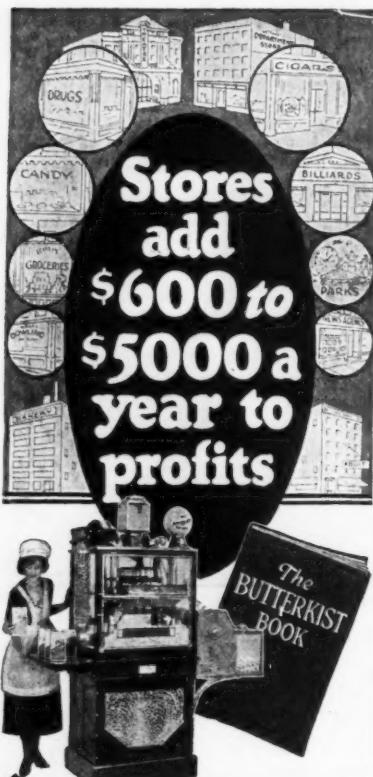
ERE another tennis season rolls around, something radical must happen. The costume of the male tennis player is almost archaic. It must be modernized if tennis females are not to hold exclusively the attention of the camera men.

There was a time when a girl talked about "the handicap of skirts" on the tennis court. Running for a ball, she sounded like canvas on a racing yacht when the skipper starts to break out his spinnaker. That day, happily, has passed. Skirts no longer handicap the feminine tennis star. Neither do tight stockings bind her knees. The male player, however, is singularly indifferent to his clothes. Tilden, Johnson, Williams and the rest dress very much as Sears, Slocum, Campbell and Hobart did.

Surely, by another season these defects can be corrected. Somewhere, in the ranks of male stars, there must be a dress reformer; somewhere one who realizes that tennis styles for men haven't changed in forty years. Long trousers are conservative to the point of prudishness. And, undoubtedly, they handicap the wearer by checking the free action of his knee joints. They should be discarded—(Now, now! Don't misunderstand us)—they should be discarded for the light running trunks of the track team and the basket ball squad. Likewise, the cumbersome flannel shirt of the eighties should retire in favor of the sleeveless jersey of the gym team and the crew. These, plus a pretty bandeau about the brow, would do much to restore to masculine tennis the prestige which it has gradually lost to feminine.

\* \* \*

**THE American millionaire syndicate which has "underwritten" the remnants of Hapsburg greatness, palaces, parks and all, and which now proposes to "administer" the property under an arrangement with Archduke Frederick of Austria, has set a pretty precedent. Once the ambitious American climber was satisfied if he could buy a mere title. Royalty was beyond him. Now, impoverished by the war, royalty is within his reach. It will**



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## Hand-Picking Immigrants—(Continued from page 528)

"The U. S. A. Commissioner of Immigration at Montreal has reported to the Commissioner General at Washington that Canada has already seen the necessity for hand-picking her immigrants, and that the U. S. A. must follow some such plan if the balance necessary to a healthy growth is to be maintained."

And believe me, Canada has hand-picked her immigrants from the beginning. Some years ago she was not as particular as now because work was plentiful, free land was available and men were needed for all sorts of work. From 1904 to 1914 there was always a labor shortage in Canada. The railroads were spending large sums in construction. From 500 to 700 miles of branch lines were being constructed each year. Canada needed men during that period and there was work for all who were admitted.

Canada wanted them and now wants immigrants from the United States. Between 1904 and 1914 1,000,000 Americans emigrated to Canada. The Dominion had agencies all over the United States urging and aiding people to move and settle across the line. The Canadian Pacific Railroad was running settlers' trains to strategic points in Canada. Millions of dollars were spent by the Canadian Government and the Canadian Pacific Railroad to persuade Americans to settle in Canada. But during even that time Canada selected her immigrants from the United States with scrupulous care. The country was spending huge sums in recruiting settlers, but appetite was not permitted to impose on discretion. Since 1908 Canada has turned back from her border 203,939 immigrants seeking admission from the United States!

No evidence there of permitting hunger to dull the selective instinct!

Canada to-day, while practically refusing to admit industrial workers who would add to her unemployment problem, is diligently searching the world for the sort of immigrants who are now needed. Both the Government and the Canadian Pacific are combing the United Kingdom, France, Belgium, Holland and the Scandinavian countries in search of desirable immigrants who will and can go on the land. The Canadian Government is particularly keen on attracting desirable settlers from below the line, and at the present time maintains colonization offices in the following cities in the United States: Milwaukee, Des Moines, St. Paul, Syracuse, Columbus, Indianapolis, Grand Forks, Kansas City, Great Falls, Spokane, Manchester, N. H.; Biddeford, Me.; Harrisburg, Pa., and San Francisco. Fourteen agencies reaching from ocean to ocean, searching for desirable settlers and giving them information and advice.

And what are the results of this diligent and intelligent work of hand-picking immigrants from the United States? Get this: In January, 1921, there came

to Canada from the United States 1,171 people bringing \$574,431 (these people were immigrants of course, crossing the line with the announced intention of settling in Canada); in February, 1,936 persons, bringing \$954,379; in March, 4,292 immigrants from the States arrived, bringing with them the sum of \$2,159,484! Rather well worth encouraging, those people! Most of them were coming for the purpose of taking up farms, and most of the money they brought with them was spent in Canada for the purchase of land, farm equipment and stock. In April, 5,053 people came as settlers from the United States, bringing with them the sum of \$1,843,178. In May there were 3,710 who brought \$1,666,348. In June, 3,086, bringing \$1,560,688.

That is the record of immigration from the United States during six months of this year—18,250 people bringing with them a total of \$8,758,508 for investment in the land of their adoption. I asked the Immigration Department Statistician at Ottawa, who gave me these figures, for the monthly report on immigration from all other countries during corresponding months. He gave them to me.

"And how much money did these immigrants from other countries bring with them?" I asked him.

"Oh, we don't keep track of that," he said. "The amounts are so small that it is not worth while."

Is it worth while to go to some expense of both money and intelligence to select your immigrants? The result of Canada's work in the United States would seem to make an affirmative answer legitimate.

Canada is doing most of the things that Mr. Wallis, the immigration commissioner at Ellis Island, is urging on us.

Wallis urges most strongly selection and distribution. Canada, to an extent, practices both. Wallis urges one more thing, and that is important: Welcome! Deny admittance to those who are not wanted, but give a courteous welcome to those found fit for admittance. More can be done in the first few hours after the immigrants land, while they are still in the hands of the immigration authorities undergoing examination, to make good or bad citizens, than can be accomplished in years afterwards.

In this regard Canada claims to be the first country in the world to have established an up-to-date nursery at the immigration buildings at St. John, N. B. Any one who has ever visited Ellis Island and seen the weary mothers there, can appreciate the addition that such an institution would be at our own gateway.

On the day that a ship arrives at St. John with a complement of settlers from overseas, the nursery is one of the busiest spots in the immigration building. It is equipped with an electric stove and

(Continued on page 536)

# “How to Get a Job”

**T**HE MAN OR WOMAN who is out of work, *who wants a job*, very likely needs *it badly*, doesn't want theory—but solid, practical *help*. Here is the very help needed—put up for convenience, in book form. Not a waste word in it, no bunk, just solid meat from cover to cover; sound, practical, “workable” help, from a man who knows and has the ability to convey what he knows to another.

Very likely you know someone who is out of work whom you would like to help—someone who has come to you for assistance or advice. Here is something you can give that person that will be of real value in solving the problem.

Here is a book that tells just how to go about getting a job through the help wanted advertisements—read the synopsis of chapters which tells the whole story.

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It is not based on theory, but on actual, practical experience. Every “ad” in it, every letter in it is taken from real life—ads and letters that are true and tried. It is *not* the usual line of “success-talk” and “golden words from the lips of men who have succeeded” but specific, simple, clear directions as to how to proceed to obtain employment.

Of course, it does not and cannot create a job where a job does not exist! But it will increase manifold your chance to get the job that does exist!

And it is short—only 64 pages. But every word counts. For the man or woman, old or young, educated or otherwise, this book carries information that is bound to be worth its modest price, many times over. Golden opportunities are yours each day in the “help-wanted” advertisements of the daily newspapers, magazines and trade publications.

Take advantage of these opportunities with the aid of this book. Here are ideas that have been “baptized in the fire” of world-wide competition for positions ranging from office boy to bank president.

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### CONTENTS

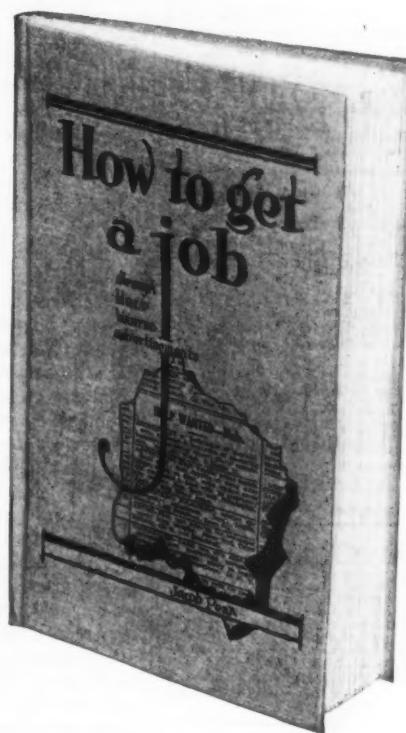
**CHAPTER I.**—Selecting the Advertisement—“Help Wanted” advertisements most immediate avenue of approach to sale of your services—All kinds of positions secured—Where “help wanted” advertisements appear—The “blind” advertisement—Select the advertisement carefully—What the advertisement calls for—Your attitude an important factor.

**CHAPTER II.**—Dressing the Letter—Good appearance counts—What gives good appearance to your letter—Stationery—Handwriting and typewriting—Arrangement of material.

**CHAPTER III.**—Writing the Letter—The beginning—Convincing the reader—Composition—Spelling and punctuation—Slang—Pleas for sympathy—The closing—Stamps and envelopes—Before you mail it—Model letters.

**CHAPTER IV.**—Burning Questions—Race and religion—References—Salary—Experience.

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## LESLIE'S INVESTMENT BUREAU

Conducted by THEODORE WILLIAMS

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TWO notable and potent steps have recently been taken toward solving the problem of unemployment in this country. It is possible that the seriousness of this problem has been overestimated in some quarters; there may have been too much pessimism prevalent on the subject; doubtless the official statistics given out at Washington were not fairly interpreted at the outset. It became the general feeling later that affairs were not in such distressing shape as had been hastily concluded. But beyond question too many men and women are out of work to make the economical outlook pleasant or secure. As has been intimated in these columns before, extensive unemployment in

a country so great and so rich in natural resources and with its millions of competent workmen and its capable host of business men, would be a discredit to the nation. Governments and captains of industry have no more imperative duty than that of contriving, each in their proper spheres, for fostering up to a high level the prosperity of the people.

Much more may be legitimately done on these lines than is sometimes realized by the mass of citizens. The arbitrary creating of mere temporary devices to keep men busy at some crisis has little lasting value to the community. Society should strive to maintain charity, doles and breadlines down to the minimum. These are, of course, occasionally necessary, but society should seek primarily to provide useful and needed work, the doing of which comes to pass in the natural course of events and which impairs the self-respect of no one who does it. A vast amount of such employment can be supplied through the co-operation

of captains of commerce and industry and the many others concerned. Enterprises can be brotherly and can go hand in hand oftentimes, though usually they are aggressive and competing, and can show excellent results in the general interest. Mere self-seeking may at times be the worst policy for the individual himself.

The business men of the United States have to a large extent been under a psychological spell.

They have too easily yielded to adverse influences. They are getting to see that they could have done worthier things during the readjustment period. Had they been more courageous and more resourceful many plants that are partially or wholly

idle would be running on generous or full time. Unemployment would not be so widespread and the land would be more optimistic and thriving. Delayed but not too late recognition of these facts are the motives behind the Washington unemployment conference for which the administration stood sponsor, and the selling movement which was launched by the Mayor of New York in conjunction with many of the ablest and most far-seeing business men of the Empire City. Both are commendable movements and will have beneficial effects, but the New York plan bids fair to be more immediately effective. The germ of such an undertaking as the latter was lately suggested in this department. But Mr. Hylan and his clear-headed and influential co-operators in the business world put it into more concrete form and while Washington will undoubtedly contribute "might" rather than "mite," the New York plan contains the best promise of benefit to the country.

The New York plan has the immense advantage of not requiring the creation of new, novel, untried or problematic methods and organizations. It simply maintains the existing organizations and processes and there is no wrenching of situations, no long discussions and no doubtful modes to be experimented with. The old, the usual, the well-tested activities of normal business are to be adopted but intensified and made more forceful. Resumption of buying on an extensive scale is the basis for this movement. There is an immense buying power lying unemployed and it is the primary cause of there being so vast a volume of unemployment. Millions of persons have ceased to make purchases less from necessity than from a state of mind. The New York prosperity plan proposes some such a drive toward the ending of the buyers' strike as was successful in the Liberty Loan drives during the World War. The cry then on every hand was "Buy bonds to your limit." The slogan now should be "Buy necessities to the extent of your ability." A campaign of this kind for a single week would set the wheels of industry in motion far and wide, and would tend to bring us prosperity at once.

It is a cheering thought that you and I and our neighbors can expedite the return of better times by devoting a portion of our savings and earnings to exciting a demand for the products of industry. There is at least a wonderful possibility of this. Why should we not make a trial of it to our utmost? It is certainly a more rational device than giving alms to jobless and impoverished human beings whom we could have kept employed and thus have saved the country from a flood of foolish and unusual fads and from empty spectacular exhibitions, which add nothing to the wealth or the comfort of the people.

## The Real Land of the Merry Widow

(Concluded from page 527)

Greek churches of Slav Christendom from the mosques of Turkish Islam. Veiled women draw water along its banks. Cross, and you are in the Orient.

When the Montenegrin is not a warrior, he is a politician. Now, to him the word has not the English or even the American meaning. Montenegrin politics is plots. Let them get the idea that your mission among them is political, and you will have spies trailing you everywhere, as was the experience of Allied officials. The story runs that General Franchet d'Esperey fished two eavesdroppers from under a sofa on which he was sitting, although he had just entered Cetinje under an evergreen arch inscribed: "Liberator of the Balkans, Welcome!"

But the natives have learned to understand more than their own force and cunning. They reacted to American

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"The Baché Review," issued by a firm in high standing, has long been regarded as one of the best financial weekly publications. Copies may be obtained on application to J. S. Baché & Co., members N. Y. Stock Exchange, 42 Broadway, New York.

In their Circular L, which will be supplied on request, S. H. Wilcox & Co., 233 Broadway, New York, describe the advantages of buying puts and calls guaranteed by members of the New York Stock Exchange.

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Scott & Stump, 40 Exchange Place, New York, have prepared a "Ready Reference Book," showing high and low prices of all active stocks and bonds for the past month. It is a good thing for every investor and trader to have. To get it apply to Scott & Stump, for B-106, and get also the current issue of their "Investment Survey, No. 306," and their booklet B-306, showing how to invest savings.

It seems to be generally understood that some day copper will become something of a king again, and that copper stocks will be in greater demand. The many

holders of such stocks and the additional hosts who may yet buy them will be interested in an article in the current issue of the "Investment News," which discusses the immediate as well as the long-range outlook for the copper issues. If you want a copy of this valuable publication, write for L W-70 to Charles H. Clarkson & Co., 66 Broadway, New York.

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on this page you will find a descriptive list of booklets and circulars of information which will be of great value in arranging your investments to produce maximum yield with safety. A number of them are prepared especially for the smaller investor and the "beginner in investing."

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## Hand-Picking Immigrants—(Concluded from page 532)

furnished with every appliance that a nursery should have from tiny bath tubs to feeding bottles and cots.

The nursery is directed by the Canadian Red Cross Society in co-operation with the Department of Immigration and Colonization of the Canadian Government. No charge is made for any service given in the nursery. When a ship arrives the nurse in charge goes aboard and tells all the mothers with young children of the nursery. As soon as debarkation begins, the mothers take their children to the place provided so they will not be delayed in passing the necessary inspection made by the immigration official. The babies are bathed and fed and placed in cots. Those who can toddle around receive toys with which to amuse themselves. When the mothers have passed the immigration inspection they join their children and stay with them until the train is ready. Each parent receives a card, which reads on one side as follows: "Canada welcomes her new children and cares for their welfare."

Simple, isn't it? And sensible? And humane? Does it seem impossible that the United States should be as intelligent and as kind? I'll say it seems impossible!

Go over to Ellis Island and have a look. When Wallis took charge there a little more than a year ago, there was no running water turned on. There were no towels. Mothers with babies could not even buy hot milk. The sanitary arrangements of that time do not bear description. Wallis has made things better, but they are bad enough now.

Canada must have settlers for the land. European and American Toms, Dicks and Harrys will not be admitted indiscriminately no matter how great the need for population. So Canada is talking of going into the distribution business on a larger scale than even before the war, when the Government and the Canadian Pacific Railway collaborated in elaborate colonization schemes. The new idea, vague as yet, is well explained by C. D. Prettie, Superintendent of Forestry of the C. P. R.

"Our country generally from one end to the other is overbuilt," he says. "That is in everything except homes and farms. Our railroads are overbuilt. We have plenty of elevator and storage capacity for the existing production of farm products, our factories have the capacity to look after a much larger population, as have our cities. What this country needs is agricultural population. The only thing the world needs greatly to-day is foodstuffs, principally grains. This is the only product for which it will pay."

"From 1910 to 1914 the number of immigrants coming into this country varied between 200,000 and 400,000 per year. In 1915, due to the war, this figure dropped to 48,000, rose to 79,000 in 1918, and dropped again in 1919 to 57,000.

These figures show that we are not settling the country. We do not want a heterogeneous low-class population, and a high-class agricultural immigrant is hard to get owing to restrictions by various governments and to lack of capital.

"We have an unemployment problem on our hands, consisting of that part of the population formerly employed in railroading, in factories and offices. Most of these people were born and brought up in the rural districts. They have drifted to the cities in many cases because they never had the opportunity to own farms of their own. Would it not be better to extend them the chance to be producers on the land, rather than give them a chance to work on some public work, of which the country is in no immediate need? Why not extend the scope of the Soldier Settlement Board to include the most suitable of these people, and even extend it to take in the best class of agricultural immigrants from England, the United States and Northern Europe? We should then, I think, exclude all other classes of immigrants for a period of years.

"The soldier applicant selects a piece of land, it is appraised by the board's valuator, and if approved as being worth the price asked by the owner, the board purchases the land outright and gives the applicant an agreement of sale upon 10 per cent. of the purchase price being paid. Loans up to \$5,000 are then made for the purchase of stock and equipment. To date the failures under this scheme total less than 5 per cent., and the money loss has been *nil*, owing to the Board's having resold the land at a higher price than they paid originally. The placing of 20,000 to 30,000 families per year upon the vacant lands of this country would cost from \$80,000,000 to \$100,000,000, and should be a first-class investment.

"It may be argued that \$100,000,000 per year is a lot to raise. It is; but we have the best security in the world—good farm land."

And that is the new idea that is floating around up here in Canada. Careful selection, courteous welcome to those chosen for admittance, intelligent distribution, and even, if necessary, financial assistance properly protected. Canada has kept an eye on Uncle Sam's immigration doings. It will pay Uncle Sam to study carefully the manner in which Canada is going about the same business.

(William Slavens McNutt, noted magazine writer and war correspondent, is writing a series of virid articles on Canada for LESLIE'S WEEKLY. Specially commissioned by LESLIE'S, Mr. McNutt toured Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific to study first hand the various important present day activities and points of view of our northern neighbors that are of vital interest to the people of the United States. This is the second article of Mr. McNutt's series. The third will be published in LESLIE'S next week. WATCH FOR IT!)

## Thank Psychology for the Animal Movies

(Concluded from page 521)

with his toe nails out and a lion's nails, topped with 400 pounds of meat, just naturally make a cyclone seem like a rabbit in the moonlight lightly skipping among the lettuce. To guard against unexpected things that fate brings up, the camera man works behind the protection of an iron cage, with a hole just large enough for his camera to look out, for when he has his eyes to the lens focusing it is no time for a lion to descend upon him, however much the man may have traveled in the subway.

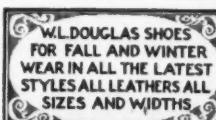
From a point of view of thrills a lion is supreme, but he is not the most popular animal on the screen. That honor is held by the orang-outang. He is a natural comedian, for to an audience an animal becomes funny in comparison to the nearness with which he approaches human methods. An orang dressed in human clothes and then given a human duty to perform at once becomes a source of amusement. "Joe Martin" of the Universal zoo is now the best known animal actor in the world, closely followed by the chimpanzee that plays Tarzan. One thing that can always be depended upon to bring a laugh is to put an evening suit on Joe Martin and give him a plate of spaghetti. Too many times the audience has suffered in the same situation, not to relish seeing some one else facing similar overwhelming odds.

But snakes are never comedy material on the screen. Too many there are in the audience to whom reptiles have a natural revulsion for them to take on a comedy aspect. The most fearsome thing of all is a black and restless python always reaching out to surround a possible meal. Many a comedy has been spoiled by giving a python the comedy motif. In fact, in Texas there is a law before a snake is thrown on the screen that the audience must be given warning by title for at least twenty seconds in advance. Then those who have a deep and atavistic age-old terror may otherwise engage their attention.

Many people believe that the wild animals in pictures have their claws out, that they have their teeth drawn and that they are old and decrepit and moth-eaten, but this is not true. A moth would no sooner light on one of them than he would close his eyes in his last long sleep, and if you put your hand in the mouth of one of the animals expecting to feel a soft, yielding gum, you would find that you were wrong—and the smile would be on the face of the tiger. But even if a tiger or a lion had his claws filed off and his teeth in a tea cup, he would still be an unpleasant customer to have suddenly descend on your startled backbone. Instead of all these makeshifts and indirections it's psychology—animal psychology—that does it.

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Of Leslie's published weekly.  
At New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1921.  
County of New York } ss.  
State of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Douglas H. Cooke, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of Leslie's and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit: 1.—That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Leslie-Judge Company, 627 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y.; Editor, William Morris Houghton, 627 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, James N. Young, 627 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Douglas H. Cooke, 627 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. 2.—That the owner is: William Green, 627 West 43rd St., N. Y. 3.—That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4.—That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

DOUGLAS H. COOKE.

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## The Portrait—(Concluded from page 518)

trait of her existed. There is the portrait. I recognize her in it."

"Yes," murmured Herbert, "she couldn't have changed. She is one of those who remain indestructibly young and beautiful."

"Some years ago," Marsande began again, "she heard through an old friend of yours that you still owned this canvas. You understand, monsieur, that that isn't possible any longer. I can't allow it. And she, who is going to become Mme. Marsande can't allow it. She gave me your name. I have hunted you up. In view of your refusal to sell me this painting I have had to try to make you recognize your duty as a man of courteous and generous instincts."

Herbert waited a few minutes before he answered.

"When I knew her twenty years ago her name wasn't Claudia."

"I knew it. Her name was Emilie and she was employed in a hotel near Fontainebleau."

"Yes. I brought her to Paris as a model. She was only seventeen years old. I had a little money then. At that moment of my life I also had some talent—because of her, because I wanted to paint her. Yes, I did that portrait. I was still young. I expected much of life at that time—because of her. I, too, wanted to marry her. But she left me suddenly. I hadn't expected that. Yet I ought to have seen that she had a passion for the stage and that it dominated her more and more.

"I was very much depressed after she went. I let myself run loose. I had spent a good deal of my money. Now I spent still more. After some months I tried to get back to work again. I took another model. I was lonely. I married her. Then came children, poverty, even misery. I began to draw pictures

for young people. What did it matter? I had no talent for painting, except to paint her. So, in your turn, you will understand why I refuse to sell you the picture. It is all I have."

He was interrupted. The door opened. A large woman, slatternly in appearance, entered the room, followed by a sickly-looking little boy. She crossed the studio without saying a word and vanished into the chamber at the back.

"That's Madame Herbert," he said.

"Monsieur," Marsande began in a low voice, "you are poor. You have children. These are two more reasons why you have no right to refuse my offer. I don't ask you to give me the painting. Destroy it; destroy it in my presence. Fix your own price. Six thousand francs—8,000 francs. Here is a check for 8,000. You can't refuse me. It is a question of honor. I cannot tolerate it that this picture . . . ."

His voice rose. He became excited again, presenting his arguments with added force. Suddenly the bedroom door opened. Mme. Herbert came out. She walked toward the picture, mounted a stool and with a kitchen knife which she carried in her hand she slashed from tip to toe the life-size image of the nude girl. She pulled off the canvas strips, handed them to M. Marsande, took the check and returned to the back room.

Herbert had made a movement as if to intercept her and to stop her work of destruction. But he was too late. Perhaps, also, he was afraid.

"It was hardly necessary to give her the money," he said, with a bitter smile, to M. Marsande, who had got up to go. "She would have done it for nothing if she had dared to. She, too, is jealous!"

He stood alone before the sinister blank space in the empty frame, from which tiny fragments of the canvas still hung.

## Fighting Pellagra with Proper Food

(Concluded from page 525)

vegetable and in animal foods, but it seems that the protein from the latter source is more readily digested and utilized in the human body than protein of vegetable origin. This is strikingly evidenced by the action of the animal protein contained in milk and eggs—which are pre-eminently foods for the growing young. According to the dietitians, about 3.5 ounces of protein a day are enough for a youth or for a middle-aged man of average size whose daily occupation calls for only a moderate amount of muscular work. In this connection it is significant that the mean daily fare of each adult male unit in the pellagriferous households of the cotton-mill towns did not contain more than 2.99 ounces of protein from all sources, and of this but .92 ounce was of animal origin!

Pellagra is in a sense seasonal, most

cases being recorded at the beginning of summer, and subsides sharply when farm produce becomes abundant and comparatively cheap. Successive attacks lead to cumulative ill effects; and unless the patient be properly treated the disorder often leads to a fatal termination. It is a mistake to assume that the malady necessarily goes hand in hand with starvation fare and a wasted physique, for a sufferer may outwardly appear well nourished.

The fact that pellagra is so rarely heard of here except in the Southern States is proof that the rest of the nation has available more abundant supplies of meats and dairy products rich in protein. And the ultimate solution of the pellagra problem in the South therefore lies in more diversified farming and the upbuilding of its dairy herds.

# T. R.

**A**LTHOUGH it is nearly three years since Theodore Roosevelt died, the fact that these two initials serve instantly to identify him wherever they are mentioned is typical of the affectionate regard in which his memory is held by his fellow Americans everywhere.

This year Theodore Roosevelt's birthday—October 27th—is to be commemorated throughout the United States with special observances—in schools, churches and elsewhere. **LESLIE'S WEEKLY** has gathered some unusually interesting material that reveals vividly the many-sided personality of this great American. It will be strikingly illustrated and, in keeping with these memorial observances, will appear in *Leslie's* for October 22nd.

This issue will carry a portrait of T. R. in full color by Joseph Cummings Chase—a portrait that you will want to keep and frame.

In addition to the various Roosevelt features, *Leslie's* for October 22nd will also contain a variety of notable articles—the kind you like to read, illustrated with the kind of pictures you like to see.

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